THE

VOLUNTARY EXILE,

IN FIVE VOLUMES,

BY MRS. PARSONS,

AUTHOR OF LUCY, *&c. &c.*

VOL. IV.

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THE

VOLUNTARY EXILE.

CHAP. I.

THE following morning Biddulph wrote a letter to his friendly Quakers, and at the *proper hour*, (that is, when the huſband was generally from home) he took it to Mrs. Edey's. On giving in his name, he was immediately admitted, and moſt graciouſly received.

" I tell thee what, friend, I conceived a liking for thee, which I find by Rebecca's letter, was not a vain one, for ſhe ſpeaketh in thy favour; but I like not thy companions; that Manly is a fooliſh fellow, a ſcoffer, and delighteth in vanities; he is verily one of the ungodly, and thou wilt be tainted by evil communication; caſt off ſuch companions, cleave unto us."

" I am much obliged to you, Madam," ſaid Biddulph, interrupting her, " my ſtay in Philadelphia will be very ſhort, and I ſhall have few opportunities to profit by your goodneſs, otherwiſe I ſhould be grateful for your good advice; and I aſſure you, the very amiable people I know among the *friends*, would make me prefer their company to all others."

" If thee ſpeakeſt with ſincerity, my ſpirit loves thee; verily I ſay young man, I love thee; why then wilt thou leave us, and return to the profane?"

We

"We cannot always follow our inclinations, Madam," anſwered he, "I have ties which compel me to turn my thoughts a different way; obligations which, as a man of honour, I cannot diſpenſe with: I love, I admire *the Quakers*, they have the beſt hearts in the world, but I muſt leave them, for my country and friends have *their* claims, which cannot be ſuperceded by any other."

"Thy country is arbitrary and unjuſt; thy brethren lawleſs and cruel; but if thee prefereſt ſuch, fare thee well, friend; I thought to have taken thee to my boſom, to have cheriſhed thee as mine own, but I ſee thou art ſtill of the ungodly tribe, though thee haſt a ſpecious outſide."

Biddulph roſe up, "I hope, Madam, you will believe I admire and reſpect your friends; I am infinitely obliged to you, and if I cannot be *all you wiſh* me to be, conſider it as my misfortune, not an inſenſibility to

your kindneſs, which I ſhall ever remember with gratitude,"

Bowing very low, he left the room, without waiting for a reply, and not a little vexed that the lady's warm wiſhes for his converſion being diſappointed, ſhe might be as greatly prejudiced againſt him, and poſſibly ſtrengthen Mrs. Bailey's averſion to him; yet he found it impoſſible to keep up an acquaintance with Mrs. Edey; from many obſervations he was convinced he muſt at one time or another have made her his enemy, or have forfeited his own eſteem.

On returning to his lodgings, he found Andrew with a face brimful of intelligence.

" Lord, ſir, here hath been Judy waiting to ſee your honour; the old woman is got up again, and hath ſet them all a packing; a man has been there about taking the houſe as it is furniſhed, and as ſure as can be, they will be off ſoon. Judy ſaid ſhe heard ſomething

thing about Saturday, and this you know is Tueſday, ſo t'wont be long firſt; but no-body can tell where they be going; even Sal declares *ſhe* don't know, nor Miſs neither."

This information was truly vexatious, for if they went to another town or province, where he had no acquaintance, how was he to conciliate Mrs. Bailey in his favour, without which, he could not ſee Harriot, nor would ſhe receive a letter from him, even if he could find an opportunity to convey it to her; all he could do, was to place Andrew as a centinel, to watch their motions, that he might have the earlieſt intelligence of their departure and route.

Two days paſt without any particular occurrence; on the third Judy made her appearance, with a long and melancholy face; "ſhe had juſt been diſcharged;" the poor girl cried heartily to be parted from Miſs Harriot, "who was the ſweeteſt, beſt young lady in the world; and after all *her honeſty too*,

in taking no letters or meſſages, 'twas very wicked uſuage to turn her off; but however, ſhe did hear one thing that the old cat ſaid to that canting Sal, which was, that they were going to Bedlam, where the Arabians lived, and was to go away next Monday, and ſhe wiſhed with all her heart, Mrs. Bailey might be drowned in one of the rivers, ſo that poor Miſs eſcaped."

Biddulph, with pleaſure, rewarded the poor girl for her intelligence, which was a great point gained to him; whilſt the ſight of the gold, and Mrs. Nelſon's promiſe to get her another place, very ſoon dried up her tears, and made Judy ſenſible, "that ſhe was very well off, no thanks to that crabbed old maid though."

Biddulph now prepared every thing for his journey, determined to follow his lovely Harriot, let the conſequence be what it might; he ſettled a correſpondence with the two friends, and called to take leave of Mrs. Smith

Smith, who though very happily ſituated in point of attention, was ſinking under a dejection of ſpirits, that had greatly altered her; ſhe confeſſed to him,

" That baſely as her *huſband* had uſed her, ſhe ſtill retained a warm affection for him, and did ſhe know in what part of the country he reſided, ſhe would certainly go to him; for that the dreadful ſtate of uncertainty and ſuſpenſe ſhe ſuffered under, was worſe than any ill treatment ſhe might experience from him."

Biddulph, who knew the villanous duplicity that had been practiſed on this unfortunate creature, ſincerely pitied her, and without entering on the ſubject, adviſed her to reconcile her mind to the kindneſs of her friends; to think leſs of the paſt, and encourage hope of future tranquillity, independent of the perſon who had injured her. She ſhook her head, thanked him for his good

wiſhes, and parted from him with eyes overflowing, and ſighs that deeply affected him.

The ſame day he rode over to the camp at German Town, and took leave of his friends there, who bitterly complained of their inactive life, and a ſituation ſo replete with mortification, as being poſſibly obliged to relinquiſh all their projected ſchemes of glory, and retire diſgracefully from America."

Alas! they were ſoon releaſed from their anxiety on that head, by the refuſal of Congreſs to accede, in any manner, to the terms of the Conciliatory Bill ſent over. Many of thoſe who regretted their ſituation at that time, were cut off from their families and friends for ever; and thoſe who ſurvived, returned under circumſtances more mortifying, more pregnant with vexation and regret, than any they were at that time apprehenſive of!!

On

On Sunday night Peter and Andrew paraded round the environs of Miſs Franklyn's houſe, until the morning, that they might watch their ſetting off; but ſeeing no one ſtirring, nor any preparations for a departure, Peter returned at nine o'clock for ſome refreſhments, as Andrew refuſed to leave his poſt. Biddulph was a good deal perplexed, and had juſt accepted Barclay's offer to reconnoitre for a few hours, whilſt the ſervants reſted, when Andrew made his appearance, with a look of diſmay, that inſtantly clouded the countenance of his maſter.

"I am ſorry to tell your honour," ſaid he, "that the enemy have been too cunning for us, and made their retreat good before we ſuſpected their intentions."

What do you mean?" cried Biddulph.

"Why, this here is the buſineſs, ſir; juſt as Peter went off guard, I ſeed a man come out and open the windows, ſo, thinks I, now

we ſhall ſoon ſee the baggage cart; but preſently comes forth a woman with a little child, who looked round and about as if every thing was ſtrange to her; ſo thinks I," for my heart miſgave me, "ſhe is a ſtranger I am ſure, ſo I'll e'en ſpeak to her; ſo I walks up and ſaid, good morrow, 'tis a fine morning. She looked at me but did not ſpeak: ſo ſays I again, is Madam Bailey ſtirring, pray?"

"Madam Bailey" ſaid ſhe, drawing in and ſhutting the door, "ſhe and her family went away from here yeſterday."

"Confuſion!" cried Biddulph, ſtarting up from his chair.

"Yes, ſir, I was confounded to be ſure, for ſhe popped in, and was out of ſight in a minute; well, I ſtood dumb-founded for a minute or two, when out comes the man again, to let in a little dog the woman had ſhut out; ſo I goes up boldly, pray comrade, can

can you tell me where Mrs. Bailey is gone to?"

"No, he anſwered, we know nothing about her; ſhe let the houſe to my maſter, who came here yeſterday evening, but ſhe and the young Lady it belongs to, are gone away in the country, no-body knows where."

"So then I run home, your honour, for what ſignified keeping guard, when the baggage was all carried off."

Get the horſes ready inſtantly," ſaid Biddulph, in extreme agitation, "I muſt loſe not a moment."

"Nay," ſaid Barclay, "your's will be a Quixote expedition, if you don't learn their route; you had better ſend the ſervants round to the outlets of the city."

"No, no," anſwered he, "I have no doubt but what Judy over-heard, is the exact

truth; depend upon it, ſhe has carried the dear girl to Bethlehem, to keep her ſingle, and enjoy her fortune."

"Indeed your concluſion is too haſty," ſaid Barclay, "you may be deceived."

"I do not think ſo," returned the other, haſtily, "I have a preſentiment *that* is their route, and there I will follow them."

The other ſaw it was in vain to attempt an oppoſition, he therefore offered to accompany him; but this Biddulph refuſed, though very grateful for ſuch a mark of his friendſhip, which was indeed very ſerviceable, as he had procured him a paſſport, ſhould he encounter the provincial troops; and he had ſecured one from the commanding officer at German Town alſo. He felt much regret at parting with Barclay, and the good humoured Manly, but he flattered himſelf they might meet again; and the latter promiſed to take care of

of any letters, &c. that might arrive for him in his abſence.

Within a few hours, Biddulph, attended by Andrew, departed from Philadelphia, determined to ſhape his courſe towards Bethlehem; and taking the neceſſary directions for the neareſt road, he paſſed through German-Town, on to Briſtol, in roads interſected with woods and rivulets; at this town he heard a carriage, with ladies, had paſſed through the preceding day. This information gave ſpirit to his journey; he travelled on through a country alternately diverſified with barren ſpots and cultivated lands, almoſt regardleſs of ſcenes, that to an unembarraſſed mind, would have afforded ſpeculations equally delightful and improving; but Biddulph ſaw, thought on nothing but Miſs Franklyn; and until towards the cloſe of the ſecond evening, ſcarcely gave himſelf time to conſider the beauties of the country. He had travelled ſome way through a thick wood, and was apprehenſive he ſhould hardly get out by day light,

light, when on a ſudden, by a narrow turning, he came out on a plain very beautiful and extenſive, with a view of the river Delaware on one ſide, interſperſed with ſmall wooded iſlands, and at a diſtance the town of Bethlehem, apparently built in the midſt of a foreſt, ſituated on a riſing ground.

Here, for the firſt time, he ſtopt, and looked round on ſcenes, that it was impoſſible to view, without an admiration, that communicated a pleaſing ſerenity to the heart, and made his ſhort diſtance from Bethlehem, a delightful ride.

At the entrance of the town was a tavern; here he alighted, and preſently inquired if any ladies had ſtopped there: on being anſwered in the negative, he was a little ſtartled, for thoroughly perſuaded that he was following of them, he had never, after paſſing through White-Marſh, given himſelf time to make further inquiries, tracing them from German-Town to Briſtol, and on to White-Marſh,

Marſh, the direct road to Bethlehem: it had never once occurred to him, that by croſſing the river, they might take another route.

Diſconcerted by the landlord's anſwer, he aſked "if there was any other entrance into the town on that ſide, or another tavern;" to both which queſtions he received negatives, with the aſſurance, "that no ſtrangers were now in the town, or could have arrived at it, without his knowledge."

Poor Biddulph, unwilling to abandon hope, although it was near dark, took a ramble in the ſtreets, the civil landlord with him, who, at his requeſt, inquired of every one he knew, and even at the doors of the ſeminaries, "if any ladies had arrived there." "No," was the univerſal anſwer, and Biddulph returned in deſpair to his lodging; the maſter of which told him, "that the next morning he would take him to the miniſters and managers of the houſes, who would ſatisfy him beyond a poſſibility of doubt."

With

With this promiſe he was obliged to appear contented, and tried to amuſe his mind, by aſking a number of queſtions, relative to the inſtitution of the Moravians ſettled there, and the forms and regulations of the eſtabliſhments. He was informed, "there were three houſes, or ſettlements, in that town, one for unmarried men, another for maiden women, and a third for widows. They had ſeveral manufactories carried on in the firſt, and in the ſecond, the women employed themſelves in every uſeful and fancy work that could be beneficial to their ſociety, either for their own conſumption, or by diſpoſing of what was ſuperfluous for the advantage of the communities. Marriage was not forbidden, but it was not very common, as both ſexes prided themſelves on their celibacy. The widows particularly attended to the care of the ſick and infirm, alſo to the inſtruction of any young perſons who ſhould come among them. They had a very fine chapel, with a very good organ, where there were daily prayers, though only ſermons twice a week.

In

In each houſe there was one perſon, who was choſen by vote, like the ſuperior of a convent, to ſuperintend and direct the whole, which was the only diſtinction allowed of, for an entire equality was one of their fundamental rules." The landlord added, "that the ſociety daily increaſed, and extended itſelf to many capital towns, both in America and elſewhere; that they were quiet good people, and very charitable."

After being entertained with this account of a ſect, he had ſcarce ever heard of, Biddulph retired to bed, though not to reſt; for diſappointed in his ſanguine hopes of finding Miſs Franklyn at Bethlehem; the uncertainty where he ought now to direct his purſuit, gave him the moſt poignant uneaſineſs; he reſolved however to be convinced they were not in the town before he left it, though it might delay him for two or three hours in the morning.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, at an early hour, he claimed the landlord's promiſe of introducing him to one of the managers of the inſtitution, which had already excited his curioſity. The man readily complied, and carried him to the houſe of a Mr. Colyer, who received him with much civility, and devoid of formality; he very politely conducted him through the eſtabliſhments, both of the men and women; every thing bore the face of induſtry and regularity; he was particularly charmed with the neatneſs and air of content that ſeemed diffuſed among both ſexes; Mr. Colyer told him, "they very rarely ſaw each other, and never but in a general ſociety."

The widow's quarter was the laſt they entered, and here Biddulph obſerved one of the moſt lovely women he had ever beheld, almoſt reduced to a ſkeleton, whoſe air and motions bore the marks of profound ſorrow, and ſeemed to ſhrink from obſervation. He was greatly intereſted for this charming woman; ſhe was attending a very ancient one, who

who was deprived of the uſe of her limbs; and although ſhe was evidently well bred, and had an air of ſuperior faſhion, ſhe performed her charitable office with the moſt humane condeſcenſion.. Mr. Colyer addreſſed her;

"Why, my amiable friend, will you fatigue yourſelf; your ſtate of health requires the attention of others; I ſee *now* you are almoſt fainting, let me requeſt that you will retire, and conſider your own ſituation."

"You are very kind, my dear Mr. Colyer," anſwered ſhe, lifting up her fine eyes, which were however clouded with a heavy langour; "but the office I am employed in, is both a pleaſure and a duty, whilſt I can move about, to afford the ſmalleſt accommodation to the ſick and diſabled, is the only moments in which I can forget my own miſeries."

"I wiſh," returned he, "you would accept my offer, and remove to my houſe, until

til your health is reſtored, or that you would permit your friends here to pay more attention to you."

She ſmiled languidly. "My dear ſir, deprive me not of the power to make my laſt moments eaſy; I know your heart, but," ſhe ſtaggered, dropt her head, and ſunk into a chair; the gentlemen were alarmed, the ſick woman ſcreamed, "Save, O ſave the angel!"

She had fainted; the apothecary to the houſe was ſent for, and had her carried to her own apartment, where, by proper medicines, ſhe recovered; but the countenance of the doctor too plainly ſpoke his opinion, that life was ebbing faſt.

Mr. Colyer entreated her to be ſtill, to ſubmit to the orders of the medical gentleman, and endeavour to be well.

"To

"To be well," ſhe faintly repeated, "*is to die*; to me *death* is the end of ſorrow; I truſt my heavenly father will pardon the errors, which in this life have been puniſhed and repented of; *that pardon* is *now* all my hope."

Biddulph, who had been greatly affected by this ſcene, made here an apology for his intruſion, and offered to withdraw. Mr. Colyer once more entreated her to take care of herſelf; two very decent looking women attended her, with much affection and concern; to them he recommended her warmly."

"My good friend," ſaid ſhe, "I have ſtruggled againſt ſorrow, deſpair, and ſelf-upbraidings; I have tried, by my religious duties, to blunt the arrows of affliction—*all* is vain; the hand that deprived Auguſtine of life, gave me a mortal wound. Alas! to me every circumſtance of his death, was an aggravation of grief; but for me he might yet

yet have lived honoured and in peace. I ſtabbed his reputation; I eſtranged him from his country, for me he fought, he fell; nobly for himſelf he fell, but to my everlaſting reproach and ſorrow! ſoon, ſoon we ſhall meet to part no more; and may *my* penitence be accepted for both!"

Seeing that ſhe was deeply moved, and much exhauſted, the gentlemen withdrew, Mr. Colyer promiſing to return again in a few hours.

"This was a very unexpected and melancholy ſcene, ſir," ſaid Mr. Colyer, "I am much intereſted in the fate of this unfortunate woman, and hoped the ſociety might have contributed to the reſtoration of her peace; but grief has undermined her conſtitution; ſhe has never ſpared herſelf from the duties of the inſtitution, and I fear ſhe has not many days to live."

"I am

"I am ſincerely ſorry for her," replied Biddulph, "the moment I threw my eyes on her, I felt equal emotions of pity and admiration—her misfortunes muſt have been heavy ones I fear."

"Her ſtory is very ſingular," returned Mr. Colyer, "and as it can do no prejudice to her or others now, may afford a uſeful leſſon againſt the indulgence of paſſions repugnant to reaſon, if you pleaſe I will communicate it to you, having every circumſtance penned down, both from herſelf and her much lamented huſband."

Mr. Biddulph thanked him for his civility, and acknowledged he ſhould be much obliged to him for the gratification of his curioſity. Mr. Colyer conducted him into a little ſtudy, and whilſt he retired to order ſome refreſhment, put the following manuſcript into his hands.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MEMOIR OF LEONORA.

THE father of Leonora was born in the Eaſt-Indies, and together with a brother, inherited a very handſome property at the death of their parents. They mutually determined to ſettle in Europe, and having tranſmitted their effects, embarked in a ſhip from Pondicherry, and arrived ſafe in France. After being ſome time in Paris, they ſeparated; Leonora's father remained there, the brother making a tour through the continent, ſettled

ſettled in Bruſſels. The firſt, within a few years after his reſidence in France, married a young woman of good birth, but no fortune; and as the huſband could trace his anceſtors through no titles, nor claim any affinity with the nobleſſe of France or England, her relations affected to diſclaim her, that they might not contaminate themſelves by a connexion or intimacy with "nobody knows who."

The young couple conſoled themſelves for this little mortification, by the moſt perfect happineſs and union between themſelves, and the birth of Leonora, was a ſtill ſtronger cement to their affections. Unhappily, before ſhe was two years old, ſhe loſt her mother; a loſs *never* to be repaired, if ſhe fulfils the duties affixed to that character. Leonora found it ſo; her father, Mr. Devenant, was truly wretched, and for ſome time, inconſolable; he ſhunned ſociety, and bought a ſmall houſe retired from the city, where he lived with his Leonora, detached from the

world, until ſhe was nine years of age; he then placed her in a convent for education, on the moſt liberal terms, where ſhe was the delight and darling of the community. He ſometimes heard from his brother, who had married unfortunately, for his wife had deſerted him, and fled to England with her favourite ſwain.

When Leonora was about fifteen, Mr. Devenant perceived his health to be in a very declining ſtate; anxious to procure a protector for his darling child, he wrote to his brother, requeſting him to quit Bruſſels, and reſide with him.

This brother, who, totally unlike the elder, had run into every kind of extravagance which can quickly diſſipate a fortune; in conſequence of which, his finances were in a very deranged ſtate, moſt gladly accepted an offer, the advantages of which his artful and prolific fancy already anticipated. He came to Paris, and entering into his brother's wiſhes,

wiſhes, retired with him to his ſolitude, and accommodated himſelf to all his wiſhes. They ſometimes viſited Leonora together, who ſaw, with unaffected ſorrow, her parent declining faſt into the grave, and felt a diſlike, ſhe reproved herſelf for, growing daily towards her uncle.

At length the hour arrived, when ſhe was left an orphan; deprived of a moſt tender reſpectable parent, and with a large fortune, bequeathed without reſtriction, to the care of her uncle, until ſhe was one and twenty years of age.

The good father, and unſuſpecting brother, did not forget the guardian of his daughter; a very handſome legacy was left to him, and the intereſt of Leonora's fortune for her education and ſupport.

This man, who, whatever his natural propenſities might have been, was, by the idle extravagancies he had indulged, and his con-

ſequent diſtreſſes, often compelled to mean actions and paltry ſubterfuges, that vitiated his mind, and poiſoned his principles; no ſooner found the unlimitted confidence placed in him, than he determined, as it ſhould ſeem, to profit by the truſt; he privately gathered all his late brother's property together, and made off with it; and ſo well had he taken his meaſures, that he had left France three weeks before the diſcovery of his baſeneſs took place, and which was firſt found out by an application of the ſuperior of the convent, where Leonora was educated, for the payment of her penſion. On an inveſtigation, it was diſcovered, that he had not left his cruelly-abuſed niece a ſingle ſhilling; and as both Mr. Devenant the elder, and himſelf, had been recluſe and unknown, not a creature was concerned to know what became of him, or where he had fled to with the fruits of his villany.

Judge what muſt have been the feelings of this young creature; deſerted, poor and unprotected!

protected! her first emotions were terrible; but as young minds do not long dwell on melancholy ideas, nor presently give up to despair, she began to reflect on the love of the superior, and the devout nuns; a thousand times they had told her, "she was dearer to them than life;" as many times they had protested that, "to be separated from her, would make them miserable, and that the day she was to quit the convent, would destroy all their temporal happiness."

Reflecting on all these kind assurances, calmed the sorrow which at first had taken possession of her mind.

"Well then, my dear mother and friends," said she mentally, "we shall not now be separated; with you I shall find an asylum, and your friendship and love shall compensate for the loss of wealth I but little valued, and of pleasures I know nothing of to regret."

Whilſt ſhe was thus reconciling her mind, by anticipating the affectionate cares of her friends to make her happy, the holy ſiſterhood held a meeting to determine on the fate of this poor abandoned young creature. To keep her "a charge upon the houſe," was a ſtep the *pious humane* ſiſters could by no means adopt: religion had not taught them to "feed the hungry, or clothe the naked;" their charity was not extenſive, but like the common cant of the world, it was lip deep, it originated in ſelf, and was not diffuſed beyond the narrow bounds of ſelfiſh prudence: how to get rid of her without a reflection on themſelves, was therefore the difficulty which ſuſpended a ſpeedy determination."

Whilſt her fate was thus pending, her ſituation became known through the houſe; the ſuperior treated her coldly; many of the boarders with contempt; the good ſiſters with a ſhrug of indifference, and an eye of humiliating pity, that wounded her very ſoul.

To

To a perſon uncommonly lovely, was joined a delicate and ſuſceptible mind; young as ſhe was, ſhe quickly felt the marked difference in the behaviour of the community; the ſcornful glance, the ſtudied, though apparently, inadvertent neglect, with which ſhe was treated, hurt her feelings; but unwilling to truſt the evidence of her ſenſes, ſhe bore a thouſand trivial ſlights, without ſeeming to regard them, until they became too glaring to be over-looked, and ſhe was hourly mortified by hearing her affairs talked over in the community, with an affected ſorrow that bordered cloſely on contempt. She was ſenſible enough of the great loſs ſhe had ſuſtained, in the deprivation of her fortune; but a ſtranger to the ſordid maxims of the world, ſhe foreſaw not the extent of her misfortunes, nor ever ſuppoſed that "the angelic girl, the darling of the convent, the favourite child of the good ſiſters," would, by accidental circumſtances, be changed into "the *poor* child, the little *orphan*, left as a *burthen* on the *charity* of the houſe."

The unfortunate Leonora ſtruggled to ſupport this treatment, but incapable of judging how ſhe ought to act, and the native dignity of her mind revolting againſt the obligations ſhe was upbraided with, ſhe ſunk under the anxiety that oppreſſed her, and fell dangerouſly ill.

One good ſiſter only, ſeemed concerned for her ſituation, and but for her, this unhappy victim to treachery and avarice, might have periſhed unregarded by the charitable community. She attended her with compaſſion and tenderneſs, and the third day of her illneſs, mentioned the whole affair to a young Abbe, who viſited at the Convent. This Abbe had a heart fraught with the tendereſt ſenſibility; he had never ſeen Leonora; compaſſion for her ſituation was his ſole motive for requeſting that ſhe might have medical advice, and pledging himſelf to pay her penſion; no ſooner was this declared, than the charity of the ſuperior, and her friends, were all alive: "the *dear* child ſhould be

be tenderly treated; ſhe was again their *darling*," and all crowded to her apartment, to conſole and aſſiſt her.

Ignorant of the ſelfiſh motives which had occaſioned this alteration, Leonora placed their kindneſs to returning affection, and began to think ſhe had injured them in ſuſpecting their love and benevolence. Their attention and kindneſs, by removing the cauſe of her diſorder, and reſtoring her mind to tranquillity, ſoon brought on a ſtate of convaleſcence, that promiſed peace and health. The good ſiſter, who alone felt any real regard for her, was ſo diſguſted at the ſelfiſh appearance of affection in the ſuperior, ſo little deſerving the reſpectful gratitude of the invalid, that one day ſhe could not refrain from telling her every circumſtance relative to the Abbe, and placing the affected kindneſs of the nuns on its proper baſis. Surpriſed, mortified, yet obliged, Leonora was oppreſſed with a thouſand painful ſenſations, and after paſſing a ſleepleſs night, came to a

determination, which required wonderful exertion and reſolution in ſo young a creature.

Next day ſhe deſired to ſee the Abbe, and was conducted to the viſiting parlour, pale, trembling, and oppreſſed. The Abbe appeared, both were ſurpriſed and affected; he at ſeeing one of the moſt lovely intereſting figures in the world; ſhe in beholding a young and amiable man, whoſe countenance beamed with tenderneſs and benevolence. Both were for a moment ſilent; but he recovering firſt from his ſurpriſe, expreſſed unfeigned delight on ſeeing her ſo well recovered; he entreated her pardon in the moſt reſpectful terms, for taking the liberty to enter into her affairs; ſaid, "he had been informed of the villany of her relation, and the preſent loſs of her income; beſought her to conſider him as a friend and brother, and as ſuch to accept of his ſervices. I mean not, Mademoiſelle," added he, "to load you with a ſenſe of obligations; on the contrary, I offer

I offer myſelf as your banker, until your fortune is recovered: I voluntarily take the riſk upon myſelf, and you may be aſſured, am pretty certain, that in a ſhort time, I ſhall be well repaid for the temporary accommodation; therefore, all idea of obligation to me is done away. Permit me then," continued he, ſeeing her lovely eyes overflowing, and that ſhe was incapable of ſpeaking; "permit me to offer three things to your conſideration: if you chooſe to remain in this convent, I will immediately ſend you the ſum neceſſary to pay for one year's advance; if you would prefer any other Convent, I will inquire for a ſituation, and make every proper arrangement as your preſent guardian: if, on the contrary, which is moſt likely to ſuppoſe, you diſlike a convent, I will endeavour to procure for you an aſylum for the preſent, as a boarder in a reſpectable family, and future plans might be determined upon at leiſure. My own opinion is in favour of the laſt plan; you have proved the ſelfiſhneſs and duplicity, which I am ſorry to obſerve,

too often exiſts in convents, and 'tis ſcarcely poſſible, an ingenuous mind like your's, can live upon ſocial terms with perſons, whoſe meanneſs you muſt deſpiſe; have the goodneſs however to decide for yourſelf, and behold me ready to obey your wiſhes."

During this long repreſentation of things, Leonora had time to recover her ſpirits; ſhe felt the warmeſt glow of gratitude towards the generous man, who had even, without knowing, relieved her from the moſt painful ſituation; with a look that denoted every expreſſion of her heart, ſhe replied,

" No language, ſir, can do juſtice to my ſentiments, or your uncommon generoſity, but it would ill become me to treſpaſs on your goodneſs, when I have health, and am capable of ſupporting myſelf; neither will I refuſe the proofs of friendſhip you are diſpoſed to offer me. In this Convent I will not remain, and the ſame cauſe which drives me from hence, muſt preclude me from going into

into any other. I have relations in Paris, although they have never acknowledged my family, yet I think it a duty on me to acquaint them with my ſituation; from them I expect nothing."—ſhe pauſed, and he with uncommon vivacity, cried out,

"Your ſentiments then coincide with mine, you will not bury yourſelf in a cloiſter."

"No, ſir," ſhe replied, "for this ſimple reaſon, that I have no fortune to procure my admittance, or intitle me to reſpect. My deſign is to ſupport myſelf by my own induſtry; I have not profitted ill by the liberal education I have received; I know courage and reſolution is neceſſary to enable me to bear a view of my preſent ſituation, and to reconcile me to look upon the future without dread; I truſt that the Divine Being, who orders all things, will ſtrengthen my mind, and ſupport my ſpirits. If you, ſir, can have the goodneſs to recommend me as an embroiderer, or as a governeſs in a family, young

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as I am, I will endeavour to make up in diligence, what I want in experience. A ſmall humble lodging, until I can be ſettled, is all I want; happily I have ſome valuable trinkets, that will preſerve me ſome time from indigence; but I do not mean to live in idleneſs, until all my reſources are expended, therefore, the ſooner I leave this convent, and can be placed more eligibly, more ſuitable to my humble circumſtances, the better: 'tis here, ſir, that I entreat your further aſſiſtance and friendſhip."

The Abbe, ſurpriſed and charmed with the ſentiments of this amiable young creature, ſought, by every argument, to diſſuade her from a plan he thought too painful and humiliating; he entreated her to let him pay for her board, merely as her banker, as he doubted not but her fortune might one day be reſtored.

This ſhe had ſenſe enough to perceive, was a chimerical hope, and which ſhe entirely diſcouraged,

couraged, inſiſting upon following a plan, which ſhe ſaid was the reſult of mature deliberation.

The Abbe finding her reſolute, agreed to ſerve her on her own terms, and promiſed to return the following day.

When he had taken leave, ſhe repaired to the community, who received her with looks and expreſſions of the utmoſt kindneſs, widely different from the diſdainful air of cold pity ſhe had before experienced: advancing to the ſuperiour with a diſtant politeneſs,

" I come, Madam," ſaid ſhe, " to thank you for all the civilities I received from you in my days of proſperity, and to acquaint you, that I am under no neceſſity to remain here a *burthen upon* your charity: in a very few days I ſhall leave your houſe."

" Not for the world, my dear child; no, no, you ſhall be permitted to remain here; we

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we are all well diſpoſed in your favour; God forbid we ſhould deſert an *orphan*; no, my dear good child, we will keep you, love you, and reſpect you as much as ever."

Had Leonora not known the Abbe's generous offer to pay her penſion, which the ſuperior ingeniouſly ſuppreſſed, ſhe might have given them credit for their apparent humanity, but now ſhe felt increaſed contempt and reſentment.

"The orphan, Madam, knows how to eſtimate your favours intended to her; but ſhe is determined to be a burthen to no one, nor to be ſupported by the generoſity of another: ſhe has where-withal to pay her penſion to you, and when ſhe leaves this houſe, ſufficient to keep her independent as long as ſhe chuſes. In one word, Madam, I ſhall not take a mean advantage of the *Abbe's liberality* to benefit *your* houſe at my expence; I ſhall accept no pecuniary favours from him or you."

"How?"

"How?" cried the old Lady, with much warmth, "do you diſdain our friendſhip! inſult us for our kindneſs! let me tell you, Mademoiſelle, pride and ingratitude are unbecoming ſentiments in you."

"And in every one, Madam; I am ready to acknowledge," anſwered ſhe, "the latter, when joined with diſſimulation and ſordid ſelfiſhneſs, are deteſtable vices, which I utterly diſclaim: but that neceſſary pride which ſets us above receiving favours from the unworthy, and teaches us to reſpect ourſelves, is a ſentiment I ſhall ever encourage, and I hope be governed by."

Ending theſe words, with a polite bow ſhe took leave of the circle, who were evidently abaſhed and aſtoniſhed.

The good ſiſter, to whoſe friendſhip ſhe owed her life, ſoon after followed her to her apartment;

"My

"My dear child," ſaid ſhe, "I cannot blame you for your reſentment, but I am grieved at your reſolution; Why will you leave us; why deprive me of my chief earthly happineſs, your affection."

"Ah! my dear mother," cried Leonora, kiſſing her hand, and melting into tears; "your kindneſs wounds me to the heart, to the ſoothing words of friendſhip I am vulnerable to a painful degree; had I a ſufficient independence, I ſhould find it difficult to tear myſelf from you, but I can truſt to your judgment for the approbation of my conduct, never, whilſt I have health, to live on the precarious bounty of any one."

"Yes," anſwered the good nun, "yes, my good girl, you are right; the Abbe is, I believe, a worthy man, but he is young; yes, you are right to ſupport yourſelf by induſtry, doubt not but heaven will preſerve you, if you perſevere in goodneſs and virtue; I will pray for you—adieu, my child, remember

member me as your friend; I dare not ſtay longer."

Leonora let her tears flow freely when the Nun was departed; ſhe ſaw herſelf about to be thrown on the world, without friends or experience; for though ſhe had determined to make her ſituation known to an Aunt, a ſiſter of her father's, who had married a Marquis, and reſided in Paris with her family; it was true they had never noticed her father, yet ſhe knew he had often ſaid, that when ſhe was of a proper age to be introduced into the world, he would try whether he could procure this Aunt's countenance for her; ſhe therefore thought it right to addreſs herſelf to ſo near a relation, that no blame might reſt on her for neglect and inattention. As ſhe had ſmall expectations, ſhe wrote in a very reſpectful, but not in a ſupplicating ſtyle; opened her ſituation without reſerve, and requeſted the honour of her directions for her future conduct. This letter, the next morning, ſhe confided to the Abbe, who promiſed

miſed to deliver it himſelf, and told her, "he had ſeen an apartment in the houſe of a widow Marchande, that he thought would anſwer her wiſhes."

She thanked him moſt ſincerely for his kindneſs, and ſaid, "ſhe waited only for an anſwer to the application to her Aunt, before ſhe availed herſelf of the ſervices he was diſpoſed to render her."

He left her to deliver the letter, and returned again in the evening.

"I am ſorry," ſaid he, "that I have not been a more ſucceſsful meſſenger."

"I am not much diſappointed," returned Leonora, "and therefore requeſt you will favour me with the particulars of your viſit."

"You ſhall be obeyed," anſwered he, "and muſt not be hurt by the relation; indeed I expect you have good ſenſe enough to deſpiſe

deſpiſe a woman ſo unfeeling. As I had ſome knowledge of the Marchioneſs, I was, on ſending in my name, immediately admitted, and after a little preparatory diſcourſe, delivered my credentials. She looked it over with an air of ſupercilious contempt."

"This is a ſtrange letter; it may be true for ought I know to the contrary; as when my ſiſter degraded herſelf by marrying a man who had been a trader, all connexions between the families ceaſed; and 'tis a great preſumption in her, now that ſhe is a poor orphan, to apply herſelf to me for advice. Pray, ſir, what is it this young woman can expect from me?"

"On this queſtion," continued the Abbe, "I ſpoke my ſentiments freely; deſcribed you as you are; did juſtice to the nobleneſs and integrity of your mind, and informed her, how neceſſary it was that you ſhould be reſcued from a ſituation ſo unworthy of your merit.

merit. She heard me with ſurpriſing coolneſs, and after a little pauſe, ſaid,"

" As no acquaintance ever ſubſiſted in the families; as her father never made any application to me, I have only her own teſtimony to aſcertain that ſhe is a daughter of my late ſiſter's; and even ſuppoſing it to be true, ſhe has no claims, no expectancies from me; therefore, the beſt thing a young indigent woman in her ſituation can do, is to go into the country, and obtain a place in ſome gentleman's family, as a gouvernante to their children; this, ſir, as ſhe takes the liberty to aſk my opinion, is the beſt advice I can give her."

" I ſhould imagine, Madam," I replied (with great aſperity and diſdain thrown into my countenance;) " I ſuppoſe you muſt have miſunderſtood the purport of that letter; Miſs Devanant intended to pay you a compliment, when ſhe aſked your advice; ſhe ſolicits no favours, nor is ſhe ſo " indigent,"

as

as to want your aſſiſtance, or be at all ſolicitous whether you chooſe to acknowledge her as a relation or not; ſhe can *confer* honour by the affinity, ſhe can *receive* none, for her own merit will ever procure her friends and admirers, who will conſider her acceptance of their ſervices the higheſt honour that can devolve upon them: depend upon it, Madam, you will hear no more of Miſs Devanant, but in circumſtances ſuperior to the little ſouls of her relations. With a cool bow I left her, moſt exceedingly mortified."

"I am ſorry for it," ſaid Leonora, when the Abbe ſtopt, "I wiſhed not to give her pain; and as ſhe juſtly obſerves, have no claims upon her, neither had I any expectations—ſo there's an end of that affair. And now, ſir, I muſt be farther obliged to you; I have a requeſt to urge, which you muſt give me your honour to comply with, before I dare venture to name it."

"Perſuaded,

" Perſuaded, Madam, that you can aſk nothing but what I may readily perform, I give you the pledge you require."

" Well then, ſir, here is a watch," opening a handkerchief, " a pair of diamond earrings, a necklace, four rings, a gold ſnuff box, and a few other trinkets, that were my mother's, given to me by my late dear father, at our laſt fête on twelfth day, that I might be adorned as the Queen, and which he aſſured me, were worth near a thouſand pounds; theſe jewels, moſt fortunately, he permitted me to keep, and now they are a happy reſource from poverty and obligations. I entreat you to diſpoſe of them for me; I do not expect they will fetch near their value, but ſufficient to ſupport me 'till I can eſtabliſh myſelf: had the ſuperior gueſſed that I had ſuch in my poſſeſſion, ſhe would, I doubt not, have been more complaiſant; but as I talked of returning them, and never mentioned my father's gift, ſhe doubtleſs thought they were loſt to me."

The

The Abbe earneſtly entreated her not to diſpoſe of her jewels, but to accept a loan from him, for her preſent uſe; but ſhe was peremptory, and except one ring, in which was the hair of her parents, ornamented with brilliants, ſhe inſiſted upon the immediate diſpoſal of the whole, adding, with a ſmile,

"I ſhall be a capital fortune by and by—I aſſure you, in the firſt days of my diſtreſs, I had forgotten ſuch riches were in my poſſeſſion."

The Abbe, finding ſhe was very determined, left her to execute the commiſſion, and found they had been much undervalued, for he was offered, by an honeſt Jeweller, fourteen hundred and thirty pounds for them. Finding the amount ſo much beyond his expectations, he ventured to keep back the watch, and ſold the remainder for nine hundred pounds, with which he returned to Leonora, who moſt agreeably ſurpriſed, thanked him for preſerving the watch, and deferred

conſulting him on ſecuring the money in a proper manner 'till the next day, when ſhe intended leaving the convent, he undertaking to procure the apartments, and ſee them got ready for her.

That Evening Leonora took leave of her beloved Nun, whom ſhe promiſed to correſpond with; and the following morning, with a youthful pride, and a deſire of mortifying, which might well be forgiven in her; ſhe dreſſed herſelf to the utmoſt advantage, put on her watch, her ring, and with a large purſe, heavily filled, ſhe repaired to the room where the ſuperior, and the whole community, were aſſembled, who were all ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe.

"I come, Madam," ſaid ſhe, with an air of haughtineſs, "to pay you my penſion, to take my leave of you, and in *my* turn to offer a word of advice; never permit your avarice to get the better of your humanity, until you are well aſſured the object of it is

poor

poor indeed; ſupport the *appearance* of charity and good-will, 'till ſuch time as the wardrobe is as empty as the pocket. Moſt fortunately for me, your pious benevolence towards the "unhappy orphan," was inſtantly diſplayed when you *thought* ſhe was become poor, otherwiſe I might poſſibly have ſecluded myſelf here for life, and given up fourteen hundred pounds to the gratification of avarice."

"Fourteen hundred pounds!" exclaimed the old lady, quite thrown off her guard by the mention of ſuch a ſum.

"Yes, Madam," replied ſhe, with a ſcornful ſmile, "I am in poſſeſſion of that ſum, which, with good management, will enable me to live free of obligation, either to friendſhip or charity."

Drawing her purſe, ſhe laid down the money that was due, and courteſying with an air of dignity to all around, ſhe left the room,

not a ſoul ſpeaking, ſo much were they all aſtoniſhed. At an appointed hour a carriage came to fetch her, and ſhe alighted at her new lodgings, where the Abbe attended to receive her. Grateful for the kindneſs and aſſiduity he had evinced to ſerve her, ſhe was delighted to have an opportunity of expreſſing her ſentiments without reſerve; nor was his joy leſs, in being permitted to converſe with her ſo freely. He undertook the management of her affairs like a brother, and ſhe reſolved to employ her hours in uſeful works, as a reſource from idleneſs, and to be profitable to her hereafter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IN a ſhort time, the natural conſequence of two young and amiable people being continually together, created in the boſoms of both a moſt fervent affection, at the ſame time that the tongue of ſcandal began to be very buſy with their fame. The Abbe's ſituation precluded marriage, and being a younger brother, his paternal fortune was but trifling. He grew unhappy and dejected; ſhe caught the infection; neither dared to ſpeak, though they read each other's heart. Leonora's eyes began to open to the

impropriety of her ſituation; the Abbe's company was ſeducing and dangerous; ſhe knew the impoſſibility of a nearer connexion, and ſhe ſaw the abſolute neceſſity of denying herſelf thoſe viſits, which conſtituted the chief happineſs of her life. Miſerable and unhappy, ſhe was ſitting muſing on her unpleaſant ſituation, when a rap at the door ſtartled her, and ſhe bid the perſon come in, which was the miſtreſs of the houſe, who was a widow of an uncommon ſerious turn of mind, and a ſtrict obſerver of thoſe decorums, which are but ſlightly attended to in general by the French nation. After apologizing for her intruſion, ſhe was ſeated, at Leonora's requeſt, and with ſome little heſitation, addreſſed her in this manner.

" I am very much concerned, Mademoiſelle, to be obliged to ſpeak diſagreeable truths; you are young and lovely; you have neither family nor connexions; the world is obſervant and ſevere. I know you are good and amiable, but,"——

" But

"But what?" aſked Leonora, haſtily.

"Why the Abbe is young and amiable alſo; he cannot marry you, and the neighbours are cenſorious; I have been called to an account; my reputation, my houſe may ſuffer; and though I believe you innocent"—

"*Innocent!*" repeated her auditor.

"Yes, I believe ſo from my ſoul, but *who* elſe will believe it?"

Struck, as if with a thunder-bolt, Leonora gazed upon her for a few moments, without ſpeaking; at length recovering,

"You have awakened me from a dream," ſaid ſhe, "that has long lulled my ſenſes to a forgetfulneſs of propriety; I thank you, my dear Madam, for your kindneſs, for your candour, and whatever it coſts me, will put an end to the tale of ſcandal. I am indeed innocent, but 'tis alſo neceſſary I ſhould ap-

pear ſo, and this very day I will ſpeak to the Abbe, my only friend," added ſhe, melting into tears, "whoſe ſentiments are as pure as my own; but we muſt attend to the calls of decorum, and our intimacy muſt have an end."

"No, Mademoiſelle," ſaid the good woman, much affected; "no, not have an end; ſee him leſs frequent; have a female companion; ſeek to enlarge your acquaintance; do not devote all your hours to one man, and all will be well; I will aſſert your innocence, and the propriety of his viſits ſometimes."

Leonora thanked her, and the good woman withdrew, leaving the poor girl in agonies, from a ſelf-conviction that ſhe had greatly erred in the unreſtricted viſits ſhe had allowed to the Abbe. Whilſt ſhe ſtill retained the marks of diſtreſs upon her countenance, he entered the room, and naturally aſked the cauſe of her viſible emotion. Without reſerve ſhe acquainted him with the preceding

preceding converſation, which, ſhe obſerved, over-whelmed him with ſorrow and confuſion: after ſome minutes ſilence, he addreſſed her in theſe words.

"Forgive me, deareſt Leonora, that I have been the cauſe of your diſgrace; that I have ſtained your fair fame, by giving riſe to ſuſpicions, injurious to your character; there is but one remedy," added he, throwing himſelf at her feet; "I confeſs my admiration, my love; my whole ſoul is devoted to you; if I have been ſo fortunate to obtain your eſteem, let us unite ourſelves by marriage; I will throw aſide this habit; I will retire with you to any country you pleaſe; I will labour to maintain you in affluence: nothing is impoſſible to an active mind, and a love like mine; I will diſpoſe of my little property, and before that is expended, I doubt not but I ſhall acquire more."

Aſtoniſhment had tied Leonora's tongue; ſhe was ſhocked, confuſed, and pleaſed; the

idea of being married to the Abbe; to enjoy his converſation; to have a legal claim to his company and converſation at all times, was a moſt delightful idea; but then the forfeitures he muſt make, the diſgrace he muſt incur, and the many unpleaſant circumſtances attending their union, were ſuch powerful pleas againſt it, that ſhe ſhrunk from her wiſhes as they aroſe, and remained ſtill ſilent and unable to make any reply.

"Your ſilence, my dear Leonora, is, I hope, propitious," reſumed the Abbe; "then hear me explain myſelf at large; in Paris we could not ſtay; you have no ties, nor have I any that can or ought to confine me here: I know every thing that I riſk; but I feel that I cannot exiſt without you; if my happineſs is dear to you, let us be united, and retire to America; t ere unmoleſted, our little fortune may be improved, and we may enjoy tranquillity and uninterrupted felicity."

"Ah!

"Ah! Abbe," exclaimed ſhe, "your vows."

"I know what you would ſay," returned he, "but I have made up my mind; I truſt my motives will ſanctify the deed; your fame, your happineſs, which I have put to the hazard, and which muſt eventually ſuffer, without you are married, is to me of infinitely more conſequence than any I can foreſee in the propoſal I make; ceaſe, then, dear Leonora, to oppoſe my wiſhes; I flatter myſelf that the plan I propoſe, will make you equally happy with myſelf."

She deſired time to conſider; ſhe deferred her anſwer until the next day, and that evening was the only unpleaſant one ſhe had ever paſſed with him.

After he had left her, ſhe reflected for ſome hours on the ſubject, and ſat down to write every thing that occurred to her againſt the plan, which ſhe ſent to him early the

next morning; he very ſoon followed the letter, and by the moſt irreſiſtible arguments, and affectionate perſuaſions, at length ſucceeded in over-ruling every argument ſhe adduced againſt his propoſitions, and obtained from her a coincidence with his wiſhes. This done, no time was loſt; he privately diſpoſed of every thing that belonged to himſelf and her: between both they realized a tolerable ſum, that bid fair for a handſome future proviſion. Every thing was managed with the ſtricteſt ſecreſy; they left Paris one evening, and proceeded to Dunkirk, where they were married, and ſhortly after embarked for America.

They arrived at Boſton without meeting any accident. This young couple, the Abbe only ſeven and twenty, Leonora not eighteen, happy in their mutual affection, pleaſed with the country, and with a tolerable fortune, enjoyed the preſent good without anticipating ſiniſter events. They purchaſed a neat farm within ſix miles of Boſton, and laid out their money

money apparently to much advantage. Near three years they enjoyed uninterrupted happineſs, during which time Leonora became a mother, and added to their mutual ſatisfaction.

But how weak the tenure by which we hold earthly felicity! it was about the cloſe of the third year, when the diſputes which had gradually increaſed between Great Britain and the colonies, broke out with violence at Boſton, and little accidental ſkirmiſhes raiſed the animoſity between them to ſuch a height, as induced the country to arm themſelves; the conſequences are too well known to make a particular detail neceſſary here; but it was after the battle at Concord, that a party of Engliſh ſoldiers, carrying devaſtation before them, entered on the farm belonging to the Abbe; ravaged and deſtroyed every thing before them, and whether by accident, or by ſome wanton hand on purpoſe, was never known, but the building was ſet on fire, and their whole property conſumed. Overwhelmed

whelmed with horror; in one hour their whole of happineſs deſtroyed; rage took poſſeſſion of the unfortunate Abbe, and he determined to arm himſelf againſt the Engliſh; in vain was Leonora's prayers and tears; deſpair ſeized on his ſoul, and nothing could turn him from his purpoſe. He had one friend, of whom he had purchaſed his farm, a Mr. Colyer, who reſided at Providence; he reſolved to take his wife and child there, and then join the Americans. Quick in his reſolves, and eager in the execution of them, no time was loſt, and daring all riſques, and fearleſs of accidents with the dear companions of his diſtreſs, he at length arrived ſafely at Providence; here he found Mr. Colyer the beſt and moſt amiable of men.

"I believe, ſir," ſaid Mr. Colyer, who had attentively watched Biddulph during the latter part of the narrative, "I believe you ſee the unfortunate family are arrived at Providence; the narrative contains but very little

tle more of information, and if you pleaſe I will relate the remainder."

Biddulph, who gueſſed the delicacy of Mr. Colyer, prevented him from reading the concluſion, cloſed the manuſcript, and prepared to liſten to him.

"The foregoing particulars you have peruſed," ſaid Mr. Colyer, "was penned by my unhappy friend at different periods, to amuſe his mind, and concluded the following day after his arrival at my dwelling. In the courſe of my correſpondence with him, and two or three viſits at his houſe, I had been delighted with his converſation, and charmed with his Leonora; their mutual tenderneſs, good ſenſe, and induſtry to improve their farm, gave me the higheſt opinion both of their heads and hearts. I was greatly aſtoniſhed at ſeeing them, although I had given them frequent invitations, but they had always objected to the diſtance. I received them however with infinite pleaſure.

"You

"You have profeſſed yourſelf my friend," ſaid the Abbe, with a wild air; if you are ſincere, *here is my wife, my child*, the only treaſures I have left, except a few hundreds, I may poſſibly never recover. I commit them to the boſom of friendſhip, preſerve them from want, whilſt I ſeek a glorious revenge."

Alarmed at this addreſs, without knowing the cauſe, I could only aſſure him that on my affection and truth he might rely to the utmoſt extent of my power. He wrung my hand with an expreſſion of tenderneſs and gratitude I ſhall never forget; tears flowed from the lovely Leonora, who raiſed her eyes to heaven without ſpeaking. After a little pauſe, endeavouring to acquire fortitude,

"Judge," ſaid he, "what muſt be my diſtreſs, when I can throw myſelf, my family, on the charity of a ſtranger; for on you I have no claims; you ſcarcely know what, or who I am."

He

He then acquainted me with the recent misfortune which had ſo entirely ruined his happieſt proſpects, and his determination to take up arms.

I ſoothed, I ſought to conſole him; I was a bachelor, in eaſy circumſtances and independant; I offered him and his family an aſylum with me for ever, or at leaſt to ſhare in whatever fortune might befal me, for if things proceeded to extremities between England and the Colonies, my property was equally in danger.

He embraced, he thanked me; for his wife and child he accepted my offer, but no perſuaſions, no arguments I could adduce, nor the entreaties of his amiable wife, had power to calm the furious reſentment he vowed againſt the Engliſh. National prejudice had received freſh fewel from his misfortunes, and all eloquence failed to move him from his purpoſe. The ſeparation of theſe two affectionate hearts cannot be deſcribed,

ſcribed, and I thought once the fainting agonies of his wife ſeemed to ſtagger him; but recovering his reſolution, he tore himſelf from her, and fixing his eyes on me,

"Remember," ſaid he, faltering as he ſpoke, "remember the truſt, and may God bleſs you, as you fulfil it."

He flew out of the houſe, mounted his horſe, and we ſaw him no more.

I exerted all my powers to conſole the unhappy wife, but ſorrow preyed upon her ſpirits, and reſiſted all my endeavours.

"Ah! ſir," ſaid ſhe to me one day, "heaven frowns upon our union; my dear Auguſtine was devoted to his God; for me he broke his vows; for me he fled his country and friends; alas! paſſion ſilenced reaſon, and to its all-powerful influence we ſacrificed the dictates of conſcience, and blindly gave up all for love: I foreſee the end, we have

have parted to meet no more; if ſo, grant, good heaven, that our puniſhment ends here, and that I may not long ſurvive him."

As I never was a friend to thoſe vows of celebacy, or could think a man leſs capable of his duty as a prieſt, for being united to an amiable woman; as I ever thought it an unjuſt reſtriction, and often productive of the worſt of conſequences, to reſtrain ſuch a numerous body of men from marrying, I tried to leſſen the ſenſe my young friend entertained of their mutual guilt, by convincing her thoſe laws were partial ones, made by man, and never commanded by the Almighty. She would ſigh, ſhake her head, and thank me; but I ſaw terror and regret ſtill hung upon her mind; ſhe gave the manuſcript which you have peruſed, into my hands, which her huſband finiſhed the very day he left her with me; ſhe ſaid, he had amuſed himſelf by writing it, as in the third perſon, and had finiſhed it ſome days previous to their misfortunes. The additional ſheet was written

ten the day of his arrival at Providence, when his ſoul was in tumults. Unhappy man! fury guided his feet; he haſtened to Lexington, and from thence joined the troops who were poſted on Bunker's-Hill. You are no ſtranger of courſe to the battle there, which was bloody on both ſides, and in which the unfortunate Abbe certainly loſt his life, and his body, I ſuppoſe, was trampled to pieces, for he never was heard of after.

Too ſoon the news reached Leonora, and her grief was inexpreſſible; a long and dangerous illneſs brought her to the brink of the grave, but ſhe recovered, though ſlowly, and very ſoon after ſhe loſt her child in the ſmall-pox; ſhe bore this ſecond misfortune without repining; her mind was ſo deeply abſorbed in ſorrow, that ſhe ſeemed dead to all feeling. Whilſt ſhe was in a convaleſcent ſtate, I perfected a plan I had long been deſirous of compleating; I know not if you are at all acquainted with the Moravian tenets?

"I am

"I am not, ſir," replied Biddulph, "the accounts I have heard of that ſect, are vague and imperfect; but if I may judge from the eſtabliſhment I have ſeen, and the attentive kindneſs I have experienced, I muſt certainly think very favourably of them."

"No human inſtitutions can be perfect," returned Mr. Colyer, "nor am I by any means an advocate for innovations or alterations in general eſtabliſhed religions; I truſt, however, our inſtitution here, if not perfect, and liable perhaps to many objections, yet is ſuch as inculcates religion, morality, and benevolence: charity and induſtry are its baſis. I will not, however, enter into ſo copious a ſubject for the preſent, but proceed to finiſh this long ſtory. I had, for ſome time previous to the arrival of Leonora, been concerned in the building and regulations of this eſtabliſhment, which, within theſe few years paſt, is conſiderably increaſed; and I had received an application to become one of the managers, and reſide with them, a requeſt which

which I found very agreeable to my inclinations, and was actually thinking of when my friends came to my houſe.

During her illneſs ſhe declared, if ſhe ſurvived, it was her fixed intention to retire from the world, and end her days in a convent. One day when I was ſitting with her, I mentioned the Moravian eſtabliſhment at Bethlehem; it caught her attention, and ſhe inquired very particularly into the rules of the inſtitution, which having communicated to her, ſhe inſtantly determined to become a member; I approved of the deſign, and gladly accompanied her; took poſſeſſion of the poſt aſſigned me, and ſettled her in the widow's houſe.

Her conſtitution is exceeding delicate, ſhe has never recovered her health or ſpirits, and takes the moſt fatiguing parts of the duty always upon herſelf, contrary to my perſuaſions and advice. From a fever which has hung upon her for ſome time paſt, and increaſed weakneſs,

weakneſs, I fear the period of her ſorrows is near at hand. I would have had her to reſide with me, but ſhe ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon being a member of the community, and ſharing its duties."

Mr. Colyer having finiſhed this affecting ſtory, Biddulph candidly told him the buſineſs that brought him to Bethlehem. The other aſſured him, no ſuch perſons had arrived there, and that unleſs the young lady made an application as from her own choice, ſhe never would be received: and that further, as no vows were made, ſhe might at all times relinquiſh her ſituation.

Satisfied with this account, he inquired of Mr. Colyer, to what place he imagined they might be gone, as he had traced them ſo far as White-Marſh.

"Depend upon it," anſwered he, "they are gone to New-York, and have croſſed the Delaware; if ſo, and you are inclined to follow

low them, your beſt route will be to go from hence to Eaſton, croſſing the river to Reading, and from thence to Elizabeth-Town; from that town croſſing the river to Staten-Iſland, you may go in a yatch to New-York. This I recommend as the moſt pleaſant road;

"And as ſuch, I ſhall certainly follow it; but notwithſtanding my impatience, I wiſh to know how the unfortunate Leonora does."

"I will make the inquiry," ſaid the other, "for I am much concerned at the ſtate we left her in."

Apologizing for leaving him a few moments alone, he haſtened to the widow's quarter, which was very near his houſe, and ſoon returned, ſaying,

"She was apparently better, and the phyſician was of opinion, that if ſhe would take more nouriſhment, and ſpare herſelf from ſo much

much fatigue, ſhe might yet rub on ſome time longer; both of this," added Mr. Colyer, I ſhall oblige her to pay obſervance to, for ſhe is an amiable creature, that I ſhould grieve much to loſe; though perhaps I may be too ſelfiſh in a deſire to prolong a life marked with unceaſing ſorrow."

"Moſt ſincerely," ſaid Biddulph, "do I wiſh her a recovery to health and peace; and you, my good ſir, and your worthy communities, every bleſſing this world can beſtow: that the good and virtuous of every ſect and religion will meet in heaven, I have little doubt of; for we have one univerſal Father, and to obey *his laws*, and fulfil *his precepts*, under whatſoever name or form, I am convinced is the road to eternal happineſs, though we may take different paths to arrive at it."

Mr. Colyer was much pleaſed with the liberal mind of Biddulph; ſhaking him heartily by the hand,

" My good young man, I wiſh you ſucceſs and happineſs; you have an enlarged heart, and I am ſure a good mind—perſevere in an univerſal charity and good-will towards all mankind, and I truſt we ſhall meet again in happier regions, where *one ſentiment will unite us all.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

BIDDULPH now ſet off for the little town of Eaſton, and aſcending a riſing hill, his attention was ſuddenly arreſted by ſeeing ſeveral beautiful caſcades falling over the rocky parts, which formed a rivulet at the bottom of the hill, and glided through the vale. He ſtood for ſome moments admiring the natural falls, and then purſued his way to the top of the hill, which it was impoſſible to paſs over without feeling the moſt aſtoniſhing delight at the grandeur of the ſcene. The

beautiful hills and vales; the river Delaware in full proſpect; gentlemen's houſes ſituated on both ſides of it, and the town of Bethlehem beneath, riſing among the woods, and its white ſtone edifices glittering through the trees, altogether captivated his eye, and gave him the moſt harmonizing ideas.

"Happy country!" exclaimed he, "how fertile thy vallies, how beautiful thy hills, how magnificent thy rivers! ah! why ſhould that monſter, party rage, devour thy fair proſpects, and let deſolation looſe in a country like this; a country formed to diffuſe its bleſſings to the utmoſt extent of empires! O that I could ſee America return, like a miſguided child, to her parent, Britain, and that parent, with open arms, receive the penitents with unbounded generoſity. But alas! bitter remembrance of paſt injuries; the widowed wife; the childleſs parent; the wretched orphan; whole families plundered and deſtroyed by that dreadful ſcourge, a civil war; all theſe, ſmarting with injuries, ſinking under

accumulated wretchedneſs, raiſe their voices againſt peace and harmony, cry aloud for revenge, and urge a continuance of thoſe horrors under which they groan! yes, I much fear that conciliatory bill will arrive too late to effect its purpoſe—heaven grant I may be miſtaken!"

Taking a laſt look around, he proceeded, deeply muſing over the hill towards Reading. Here he croſſed to Elizabeth Town, which was a ſmall, but a pretty town, ſurrounded with the moſt beautiful hills and vallies, with the river Rariton in full view, which flowed by the town of Brunſwick. Here were objects ſufficiently attractive to a curious traveller; but Biddulph's mind was not at liberty to enjoy local beauties; he was eager to puſh forwards to New-York. Abiding by Mr. Colyer's directions, he croſſed to Staten-Iſland; here, indeed, he pauſed, for in that valley before him, at the end of the wood, lived his reſpected friends, Abraham and

Sarah. For a moment he ſtood ſuſpended; but the conflict was ſhort;

"Let me find my beloved Harriot, and on my return I will viſit the Vale."

He purſued his route, and got a paſſage to New-York: he had ſcarcely landed, when he ſaw ſome Engliſh officers approaching; but how agreeably was he ſurpriſed, when one of them haſtily advanced, and exclaimed,

"My dear Mr. Biddulph!" caught him by the hand, and in the ſame moment he recognized Mr. Oſborne, the young officer with whom he had ſailed from England, whoſe friendſhip and converſation had greatly alleviated his ſorrows during his voyage to America, and from whom he was ſeparated at Charles-Town, being ſent on different ſervices.

Great and ſincere was the pleaſure of this unexpected meeting on both ſides; Mr. Oſborne

borne introduced Biddulph to his companions; and learning that he was that moment arrived, undertook to conduct him where he might be comfortably lodged in the ſame houſe with himſelf.

The two friends, for the preſent, took leave of their company, and repaired to Mr. Oſborne's quarters, where, after taking ſome refreſhment, and giving Andrew orders relative to his baggage, &c. Biddulph inquired of his friend how he had diſpoſed of himſelf ſince their long ſeparation.

"You may recollect," ſaid Mr. Oſborne, "that I was ſent with a detachment to New-York, and from thence I joined General Burgoyne's army in the expedition againſt Ticonderago, where I was moſt ſeverely wounded, and incapable of following the army for ſome time. To repeat the events which took place during the whole of our expedition; the battles, ſkirmiſhes, and diſaſters, to the unfortunate concluſion, can afford you no

amuſement or information; nor, fortunately for me, was I concerned in the unhappy buſineſs at Saratoga, of which, doubtleſs, you are well informed.

Being left wounded, and in ſo dangerous a ſtate, that it was impoſſible for me to accompany the army, an honeſt peaſant and his wife, who had a cottage in the woods, near where the general had eſtabliſhed his hoſpital for the ſick, received me into their homely, but clean dwelling, where the ſurgeon kindly attended me, and it was certainly a much preferable ſituation to the hoſpital, which was crowded with the ſick and wounded. Here, almoſt contrary to expectation, I recovered. Whilſt I was in a ſtate of convaleſcence, a ſmall party of the Provincials ranging through the woods, made me a priſoner, and carried me with them to a ſmall regular town, called Schenectady, on the Mohawk River. This party was not regularly belonging to the army, but a ſort of plunderers, who had aſſembled from two or three villages, and ſcoured the neighbour-

neighbourhood. However, I was taken to a gentleman's houſe, who had a command there as a colonel, and who received me with politeneſs: perceiving I looked weak and ill, he offered me an apartment in his own houſe, until I was perfectly recovered: and I muſt do this juſtice to him, and ſeveral other American commanders, whom I occaſionally met with in my ſeveral expeditions, that their civility and humanity to thoſe immediately in their power, could not be exceeded by the moſt benevolent and poliſhed Engliſhmen.

" During my reſidence with this gentleman, I took an exact ſurvey of the town, its environs, and likewiſe viſited a ſmall Indian village not far from it. The town ſtands at the extremity of the woods, and at the foot of a ſmall hill; I was informed the country is covered with ſnow five or ſix months in the year, when the roads are impaſſable. The Indian village diſappointed my curioſity, being only a few ſcattered huts, covered with a ſort of matted roof, and lined with bark; I

went into one as a ſpecimen of the whole, and had no wiſh to extend my viſits, for its inhabitants, which conſiſted of a woman, or ſquah, as they called her, two children, an old man, and a very old woman, ſick, lying on a ſort of bench, made by branches of trees and covered with ſkins, had all of them ſuch an appearance of melancholy, (particularly the old people, who were really frightful) mixed with a ſullen ferociouſneſs, that I looked at them with diſguſt and terror. It was not far from hence, that a party of Indians, (regardleſs, when on a ſcheme of plunder, whether they attack friends or foes) brought the unhappy Miſs Mackrea; who having unfortunately conceived an attachment for one of our officers at New-York; and the intrigue being diſcovered by her father, who was a ſtaunch American, he took her away up the country, to an eſtate he had near Fort Edward; and when our army was at Ticonderago, he took up arms in his country's cauſe.

" The

" The young lady, who knew her lover was in this army, ſuffered inexpreſſible agonies, and whilſt ſhe remained in the moſt dreadful ſuſpenſe, a party of Indians, who I am ſorry to ſay, belonged to General Burgoyne's army, came to her houſe, which they plundered, and carried the unfortunate girl up into the woods. Here, each one being deſirous of having her to himſelf, they quarrelled for their booty, and were on the point of proceeding to extremities, when one of the elder one's catching up his tomahawk, exclaimed,

" Brethren, for ſhame! here is the victim!" and inſtantly killed the miſerable creature, who was doubtleſs invoking death to ſave her from worſe impending horrors.

" This action ſatisfied the ſavages; they were immediately reconciled, and ſtood looking on the dead body, when a party of Engliſh, with an officer at their head, having been foraging, came to the ſpot, and this

very officer proved to be the lover of the unfortunate lady!

"His feelings we may conceive, for he lived not to deſcribe them; but the event was, he attacked the wretches who had perpetrated this bloody deed; his party was ſucceſsful, but himſelf was killed in the affray, by a tomahawk; the ſavages fled, and the bodies were interred together.

"You will excuſe my relating this melancholy incident," continued Oſborne, "the tragical ſtory made a deep impreſſion on the whole army, at the time it took place.

"But to return to my Indian village, which I quitted with diſguſt, and felt the comforts of the Colonel's habitation, on my return to Schenectady, where I remained ſome weeks, and had the mortification to hear of the convention at Saratoga, and the undeſerved ill-ſucceſs of General Burgoyne, who

was

was equally beloved and reſpected by his whole corps.

" The Colonel, on my perfect recovery, with an unbounded generoſity, not only furniſhed me with a paſs, but with neceſſary ſupplies to carry me on to New-York, which I preferred, for obvious reaſons, to Boſton. I left him, penetrated with gratitude, and accompanied by a guide to Albany; the road to which place, was through a foreſt of pine trees, ſo large and lofty, that they did not, in the leaſt, impede us in our journey, and I arrived at Albany without accidents or difficulties.

" The ſituation of this town, which ſtands on the banks of the River Hudſon, and riſes gradually from it in the form of a beautiful amphitheatre, has been too often deſcribed, for me to venture my obſervations on its beauties, or the delightful proſpects which meet the eye on every ſide, where all the views are grand and ſublime.

" I made

" I made but a ſhort ſtay there, and purſued my journey through woods, vales, hills, and ſometimes bleak and uncultivated lands; every variety affording freſh ſubjects for admiration, in this wonderful country.

" At length I reached New-York, and there heard of the bill brought into Parliament, for a reconciliation with the Colonies, and that Commiſſioners were hourly expected. I was alſo happy to meet letters from my brother and ſiſters; one of them is very advantageouſly married, the other keeps my brother's houſe, and they unite in aſſuring me of their preſent agreeable proſpects, and unalterable affection for me. Thus the gloom which hung upon my mind, when I had firſt the pleaſure of your company, is worn off; and the probability that I may ſoon return to England, and embrace my friends, inſpires me with unfeigned pleaſure. You, my dear ſir, concluded Mr. Oſborne, look infinitely better than when I parted from you, and I hope,

hope, have proſpects equally as agreeable with my own."

Mr. Biddulph could not reſtrain a ſigh, which heard, checked the lively hope of his friend, whoſe looks expreſſed equal anxiety and curioſity.

Biddulph, without reſerve, entered on the detail of the ſeveral circumſtances that had befallen him, and his preſent buſineſs at New-York.

Oſborne felt for his diſappointments and vexation; he readily offered his ſervices, and flattered himſelf, their meeting would be attended with every deſirable event, productive of mutual happineſs; but the other, who had ſo often experienced the fallacy of hope, and ſeen his brighteſt proſpects clouded, was by no means ſo ſanguine: however, the arrival of Mr. Oſborne's friends, a good dinner, with a cheerful glaſs, and entertaining company, for a time ſuſpended his uneaſy reflections,

flections, and for that evening tranquillized his mind, and procured him tolerable reſt.

The following day, Oſborne and himſelf began their walks, and inquiries through the city, and were fortunate enough to meet with a perſon who had actually ſeen two ſuch ladies as were deſcribed, and whom he learnt were ſtrangers, the preceding day, with a gentleman who was in the law, and who reſided at New-York. This intelligence gave Biddulph uncommon ſpirits; his purſuit was no longer fruitleſs, and his genius muſt now be at work to find means of being favourably introduced to Mrs. Bailey.

Mrs. Bailey, whoſe diſpoſition has been already pretty well deſcribed, had no ſooner, by her art and duplicity, obtained the confidence of Mrs. Franklyn, and the guardianſhip of Miſs Harriot, and her fortune, than ſhe determined to profit by the truſt; and as the young Lady was reſtricted from marrying without her conſent, ſhe intended that conſent

ſent ſhould be obtained only on advantageous terms to herſelf.

She had a relation in New-York, who was of ſmall fortune, but good abilities; what is generally termed a ſhrewd cunning man; in truth, his head was much better furniſhed than his heart. From her knowledge of this gentleman, ſhe conceived he would make no objection to be put in poſſeſſion of a fine girl, with ſix or ſeven thouſand pounds, and make her a handſome douceur for accompliſhing it. This being her plan, ſhe was much alarmed at the circumſtances that had occurred between Harriot and Biddulph; ſhe haſtened her departure from Philadelphia, and her relation was prepared to expect her at New-York; indeed met them more than half way on their journey, and eſcorted them to his houſe. He was between thirty and forty, not abſolutely diſagreeable in his perſon, yet without a ſingle requiſite, either in form or manners, likely to gain the affections of a young elegant woman; but his deficiencies

in

in attraction were counter-balanced by the moſt conſummate art, an eloquent inſinuating tongue, and a dauntleſs effrontery, which, though highly diſguſting to a delicate mind, by its courage and perſeverance, had ſucceeded in carrying him through many favourite points.

He was naturally extravagant, and fond of drinking and gambling, which had always kept him involved in difficulties, when his acknowledged cleverneſs in his profeſſion might have otherwiſe ſecured to him a comfortable independance.

This man, whoſe name was Sharpley, readily entered into the ſchemes of his ſelfiſh relation, before he had ſeen Miſs Franklyn; but the moment he *did* ſee her, no other idea occupied his mind; and as much as ſuch a perſon could be attached to a beautiful girl, *he* felt from the firſt day of their interview; and ſtimulated by love and intereſt he determined to gain the Lady by any means whatever.

Harriot,

Harriot, who had ſecretly liked Mr. Biddulph, more than ſhe would permit herſelf to acknowledge; who had received proofs of attention and politeneſs from an amiable man, whoſe own melancholy retroſpections had thrown an intereſting ſoftneſs in his looks, that claimed affection from the feeling heart: who ſaw him at a time, when her own ſpirits had been weakened by ſorrow and fatigue; when ſhe had experienced the deſertion of friends from the loſs of fortune, and when her heart naturally expanded to the appearance of ſympathetic ſorrow and diſintereſted attention. Under all theſe combined circumſtances, no wonder ſhe felt a partiality in his favour, ſhe was hardly ſenſible of, until Mrs. Bailey's rude behaviour before the Quakers, and the ſubſequent order from her mother to decline his viſits, taught her to know the ſecret of her heart, by the uneaſineſs this command made her ſuffer; it was ſacred with her however, and ſhe waited patiently in the hope of over-coming her mother's prejudices hereafter,

hereafter, ſhould he be deſirous of renewing the acquaintance.

Mrs. Franklyn's death, for a time, abſorbed every other idea, in the moſt heart-felt grief for her loſs, which could receive no mitigation by finding herſelf ſo entirely in the power of a ſelfiſh artful woman.

The anonymous letter which Mrs. Bailey received, and triumphed in, not a little diſconcerted Miſs Franklyn; and knowing enough of the world, to be convinced that little ſtable judgment can be formed on the moſt flattering appearances, her favourable opinion of Mr. Biddulph began to waver, having nothing to oppoſe againſt the malicious information contained in that letter, but his behaviour ſo unexceptionable, and his ſeeming philanthropy and integrity, diſplayed in the execution of Mr. Ponſonby's truſt to him.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe was thus uneaſy, and balancing in her mind how to reconcile theſe contradictions, the firſt interview in the ſummer-houſe took place, which had again revived her dormant feelings in his favour, though ſhe exerted reſolution enough to repreſs her ſentiments, too tenderly felt, and forbid ſuch intruſions in future. When retired to herſelf,

"If he really loves me," ſaid ſhe, "I have little doubt but he will find the means to clear away thoſe aſperſions on his character, which I have not concealed from him. The criterion of his worth muſt reſt there; he cannot be unknown to every one; and if he fails to produce reſpectable teſtimonies in his behalf, I may fairly conclude he is not what he ſeems, and may be every thing that he is ſaid to be. Yet, heaven forbid," added ſhe, with a ſigh, "that a man whoſe exterior is ſo pre-poſſeſſing, and whoſe good ſenſe and elegant manners muſt conciliate univerſal approbation in the unprejudiced mind, ſhould, under all theſe advantages, hold

hold a corrupt heart! if 'tis ſo, I ſhall henceforth ſhut my eyes againſt all apparent attractions.

The circumſtances that followed after this interview; Mr. Manly's viſit; the letter and memoir delivered and taken from her, though not before ſhe was nearly miſtreſs of its whole contents; the ſecond interview in the ſummer-houſe, which, however, ſhe ſeemed diſpleaſed at, certainly gave her a ſecret delight, and the moſt favourable opinion of him, and which, had he known its full extent, would have filled him with inexpreſſible tranſports. All theſe particulars have been already related; but 'tis impoſſible to deſcribe Harriot's vexation, when at ten o'clock at night, Mrs. Bailey coolly deſired ſhe would be ready by four the next morning, to ſet off on a long journey; adding, I have already ordered a ſervant to pack your clothes, and I have let the houſe much to your advantage; the gentleman takes poſſeſſion of it to-morrow."

"You will pardon me, Mrs. Bailey," ſaid ſhe with ſpirit, "if I tell you, your conduct towards me is very extraordinary; I think I am at an age to be conſulted in the diſpoſal of my houſe, as alſo in my place of reſidence: I cannot think you are juſtified in uſing me with ſo little conſideration, or exerciſing ſuch unbounded authority."

"You will find, Miſs," anſwered ſhe, ſpitefully, "that I know my own power; that I am entitled to act with unlimitted controul over you, and your fortune, until you are of a proper age to judge better, than to throw yourſelf into the arms of a beggarly, reprobate, Engliſh adventurer.—Yes, Miſs, I will do my duty; my late dear friend's imprudent child ſhall not, whilſt under my care, by her forwardneſs, plunge into ruin; and therefore you ſhall ſet off with me to-morrow; if not willingly, I will find thoſe that ſhall force you."

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Bailey," ſaid Harriot, (with a look of ſteady contempt, that the other's eye fell under) Mrs. Bailey, ſpare your invectives on characters ſuperior to your malice, nor preſume to ſuſpect me of indiſcretions my heart diſavows; whatever may be your opinion, and however unjuſt your treatment of me, I have too much reſpect for myſelf to be provoked to do any action that may ſully my character; and although many in my ſituation might be tempted to reſiſt your deſign of carrying me from hence in ſuch an unaccountable manner, I too much reverence my dear mother's miſtaken confidence in your ſeeming friendſhip, to oppoſe the authority ſhe has delegated to you. No *force*, Madam, will be neceſſary to *make* me accompany you; but have a care, ſtretch not your power beyond its limits; remember, I am not a child, nor perhaps ſo deſtitute of friends as you may imagine."

The old woman affected to ſneer at this caution, and grumbling at ſomething about pertneſs,

pertneſs, and ſubduing pride, ſhe left the room.

Poor Harriot, mean time, felt more vexation and diſtreſs, than ſhe choſe ſhould be viſible to her tormentor; the notice was ſo ſudden, it was impoſſible to acquaint Mr. Manly with the occurrence; ſhe had ever an invincible diſlike to make confidants of ſervants; nor could even the preſent exigence tempt her to run the hazard of putting herſelf in the power of one, by conveying a few lines to him; after much deliberation, ſhe concluded, that if Mr. Biddulph's affection for her was as ſincere, as ſhe was led to believe it was ardent, he would find ſome method of obtaining information as to their intended route.

Endeavouring, from neceſſity, to obtain compoſure, ſhe readily aſſiſted the ſervant, and at the appointed hour, without any viſible reluctance, accompanied Mrs. Bailey in the journey.

The appearance of Mr. Sharpley, on the road to meet them, confounded and diſguſted her; his attentions and compliments neither pleaſed, nor reconciled her to his company, or the bold aſſuming manner in which he addreſſed her. She was pretty ſilent during the remainder of their journey, and with infinite repugnance entered his houſe, which ſhe was informed was intended for their future reſidence. Here then we leave her, and return to Mr. Biddulph.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

MR. OSBORNE had one acquaintance in the city, whom he concluded might poſſibly be uſeful to his friend, a Mr. Matthews, a merchant of great reſpectability, and who, though of American principles for independance, yet from his moderation and unexceptionable character, had been permitted to reſide quietly in New-York, without being moleſted by either party. This gentleman, Biddulph was introduced to, and politely received. In the courſe of converſation,

ſation, Oſborne aſked him if he knew Mr. Sharpley?

"Perſonally only," replied he.

"What is his character?" demanded the other.

"Excuſe me, ſir," returned the merchant, ſmiling, "theſe are not times to delineate characters; I know little of the man, but by hear-ſay, and that little has not made me deſirous of ſpeaking from my own knowledge."

"I am ſatisfied," ſaid Oſborne, "and can only apologize for my freedom, by telling you, that two Ladies, ſtrangers, one of them young and beautiful, and under the guardianſhip of the other, are ſuppoſed to be in this man's houſe, or at leaſt that he is their conductor and protector; and therefore 'tis, that we are inquiſitive to know his character."

"I heartily

"I heartily wiſh the Ladies in better hands," exclaimed the merchant; "if they are women of fortune, they are in hands that will not increaſe their property."

"A thought has ſtruck me," ſaid Oſborne, "I know not any of the parties, but wiſh I could get introduced to Sharpley."

"Nothing more eaſy," replied Mr. Matthews, "make a pretext of ſome buſineſs; and apropos, you told me your ſervant who deſerted, had robbed you; conſult him what can be done."

"A blind buſineſs," ſaid Oſborne, "he muſt know I can do nothing, and think me a fool for aſking about it; nevertheleſs, it will afford me a pretence to call on him."

Having taken leave of Mr. Matthews, Oſborne, attended by Andrew, knocked at Mr. Sharpley's door, and was uſhered into a back parlour; the gentleman ſoon made his

appearance, and Oſborne made a great parade of aſking his advice; the other condoled with him on his loſs, but told him what he knew before, "that there was not the leaſt chance of recovering his property, even ſhould the man be taken up as a deſerter."

The young officer then entered into a more diffuſive converſation; admired New-York and its inhabitants, and concluded with an apology for the trouble he had given Mr. Sharpley, and an invitation for him to drink a glaſs of wine at his lodgings in the evening.

The other, always alive to any proſpect of pleaſure or advantage, thought, if this young man had money, he might make ſomething of him, and readily promiſed to call in upon him, for half an hour in the evening, "having a multitude of engagements, and indiſpenſable buſineſs, that muſt preclude a longer viſit; but he was always happy to ſhow civilities to ſtrangers."

With

With an abundance of compliments, Oſborne took leave, and retired.

Andrew, in the mean time, had not been idle; the ſervant who had opened the door, after conducting the gentleman to the parlour, had returned to chat with his attendant, and by a little artful management, Andrew learnt that the Ladies were actually lodged in the houſe, and that Mrs. Bailey was related to Mr. Sharpley. Fraught with intelligence, they returned to Biddulph, and hailed him with a proſpect of ſucceſs, from this lucky opening.

Mr. Sharpley did not fail his appointment; Oſborne entertained him handſomely, and no one would have ſuppoſed, from the familiarity of their converſation, each gentleman having his views in promoting it, but that their intimacy had extended to months, inſtead of hours.

General invitations were given and accepted on both ſides; Sharpley mentioned the viſitors he had with him, and highly extolled the young Lady; a matter the other ſeemed mighty indifferent about, having, he ſaid, an engagement in his own country, when he could bring himſelf to think of marriage.

Before they parted, Oſborne promiſed to take a friendly dinner with him in a day or two, and play a rubber at whiſt. Sharpley was delighted; he thought he had now a young pigeon to pluck, and a lovely girl with ſome thouſands tumbling into his arms. Good fortune ſeldom comes by halves; he concluded luck was now turned, and intended to make him full amends for his late loſſes, by play and extravagance.

He returned in high ſpirits to his gueſts; ſaid a thouſand fine things to Harriot, which ſhe received with a freezing coldneſs, that drew upon her Mrs. Bailey's reproaches, and the moſt lover-like complaints from the gentleman.

tleman. She viewed both with perfect indifference; ſhe was polite, *that* was an effort due to her own character, but that was all, for the one ſhe diſliked, and the little ſhe knew of the other, made no impreſſions in his favour.

The ſixth day after their arrival, and the one on which Oſborne called to eat a bit of mutton; (for Biddulph was too impatient to let the viſit be deferred:) In the morning, Mrs. Bailey having had a long converſation with Sharpley, came into the apartment where Harriot was dreſſing, and very abruptly congratulated her on the conqueſt ſhe had made of *her* couſin; "a man of the greateſt abilities, univerſally eſteemed, with a very genteel fortune—what a fortunate girl you are," exclaimed ſhe, "well, I think you were born under a lucky planet; nothing but luck and inſpiration, to be ſure, brought us here; I really could not have thought that my couſin, Mr. Sharpley, after refuſing ſo many rich matches, ſhould have fallen in love, and de-

ſign marrying, one who comparatively has ſo very ſmall a one."

"It is a pity, indeed, Madam," replied Harriot, with the moſt provoking indifference, "that it ſhould ſo happen, particularly as that highly diſtinguiſhed girl thinks ſo lightly of the honour; don't be *too much* concerned, my dear Mrs. Bailey," continued ſhe, in an ironical tone, "at your couſin's great condeſcenſion, in thinking of marriage with an object ſo inferior; I do aſſure you I ſhall not concur in the deſign, nor permit Mr. Sharpley to loſe his bright proſpects, for ſuch an inſignificant being as myſelf.—I ſhall *never* be *his* wife."

"Then, Miſs," returned the other very ſpiteſully, "you are not likely to be the wife of any other perſon—not *his wife* indeed, I wonder who you expect; but I ſhall ſee; if Mr. Sharpley, my couſin, condeſcends to marry you, I ſhould be glad to know how you can prevent it."

"By

"By positively refusing my hand," answered Harriot; "and I should be glad, Madam, that you will know I am neither your child, nor your slave: you may *prevent* me from marrying until I am of age, but you cannot *force* me to unite myself with any man; I am a free agent in that respect, and you shall find that I will be so."

"You audacious, rebellious, undutiful girl," cried Mrs. Bailey, in a rage, "this is your duty and respect to your mother's will, is it? fine doings indeed, when I have taken so much pains to provide a good match for you."

"What, then," said Harriot, with a penetrating look, "*you planned* this fine scheme; Mr. Sharpley *was* to fall in love with me, and under all the abatements of merit and fortune, you *intended* me for your cousin."

"You are an ungrateful minx," exclaimed she again, "and I shall not take the trou-

ble to anſwer you, but will let you ſee what I *can* do."

With this ſhe flung out of the room, and repeated to Sharpley the preceding converſation; he, more artful than even herſelf, determined to purſue a different plan, and whilſt ſhe was rude and violent, he would be all ſoftneſs, and affect to diſclaim a wiſh to give her the leaſt uneaſineſs.

Agreeable to this deſign, he met her in the garden before dinner; treated her with a diſtant reſpect, and only by ſigns and *looks* of admiration, gave the leaſt intimation of his paſſion.

This behaviour, in ſome degree reconciled Harriot to his company, and ſhe treated him with a diſtant civility, he had no right to complain of, on ſo ſhort an acquaintance.

At the dinner table appeared Mr. Oſborne, to the no ſmall vexation of Mrs. Bailey, who hated

hated the Engliſh moſt cordially; her forced civility, and averted looks, at firſt diſconcerted him, but recovering himſelf, he addreſſed his converſation chiefly to her; applauded her ſentiments; paid her fifty compliments, and at length ſucceeded in drawing the clouds from her face, and converting them to ſimpering ſmiles and languiſhing ogles, now and then mixed with a triumphant glance at Harriot, who ſat a quiet ſpectator of the ridiculous ſcene.

Mean time Biddulph, to divert his chagrin, took a walk round the environs of New-York. In the woods adjoining to the city, was an amazing quantity of cheſnut trees, large and lofty, that afforded the moſt agreeable ſhade. On a ſmall riſing ground, was ſeen the River Delaware, and Long-Iſland, which was ſituated oppoſite to New-York; and a diſtant proſpect of hills and vallies both ſides the river. The city itſelf was pleaſant, from a number of trees planted in the ſtreets, that gave a coolneſs to its appearance, and formed

a pleaſing ſhelter from the rays of the ſun; which, together with the woods round it, and the Delaware crowded with ſhips, gave it a moſt pictureſque view. He wandered 'till a late hour, and returned but a few moments before his friend Oſborne entered, quite elated with his viſit. Biddulph's firſt queſtion was,

"Have you ſeen Miſs Franklyn, and delivered my letter?"

"Both," replied Oſborne, "but at the expence of my veracity, and the moſt forced complaiſance a poor fellow was ever obliged to laviſh on a ridiculous object. In ſhort, I made, I believe, downright love to Mrs. Bailey. After dinner we withdrew to a ſmall pavilion in the garden, to drink our coffee; here I plied her with compliments ſo groſs, that the charming Harriot looked at me with a ſurpriſe, nearly bordering on contempt, whilſt the other dear creature ſwallowed them as glibly as I could have wiſhed. Sharpley called

called me "a polite Engliſhman, quite a rara avis, unlike the blunt roughneſs natural to my countrymen;" which compliment I gulped down as eaſily as Mrs. Bailey digeſted mine.

Well, after a little time ſpent in this agreeable way, two gentlemen, as they were called, but I believe errant gamblers, came to us, and were introduced; whilſt paying their civilities to Mrs. Bailey, I whiſpered to Miſs Franklyn,

"I am your friend, Madam, contrive that I may ſpeak to you a moment."

She ſtarted with ſurpriſe, and looked earneſtly at me, her face covered with bluſhes, but had no time to ſpeak. Cards were propoſed; Mrs. Bailey withdrew to order the tables; when almoſt out of ſight, Harriot roſe to follow her, at ſome little diſtance from us, ſhe dropped her handkerchief, and walked ſlowly; in a moment I flew after her, picked

picked up the handkerchief, conveyed the letter into it, and delivered it with theſe words;

"In that handkerchief is a paper from a friend; be careful, read it alone."

She had ſcarce taken it from my hand, before Sharpley and his companions were coming up; I ſtopped with an air of unconcern.

"You are very gallant, ſaid he."

"So, ſo," I replied careleſſly, "when the fit takes me; you will allow I did not go out of my way to ſhow it."

No more was ſaid, we attended the card tables; I am but a novice, and determined they ſhould make no great advantage of me. We played four rubbers with various ſucceſs, and at length I came off winner of a guinea; but am pretty well aſſured it was deſigned I

ſhould

ſhould win a trifle, to encourage me for another day. I obſerved them narrowly, and ſaw their manœuvring pretty plain; for though I held tolerable cards, I have no ſkill in the game. The ladies we ſaw no more, and as I found that I ſhould have no opportunity to ſpeak with Miſs Franklyn, I declined ſtaying ſupper, pleading a pre-engagement.

"But pray does Mrs. Bailey know your Andrew?"

"No," replied Biddulph, "I do not think ſhe does."

"Then I have an excellent ſcheme; I heard Sharpley aſk one of his gueſts, if he could recommend him a ſervant; Andrew ſhall offer himſelf, and I will get Mr. Matthews to give him a character; O, if we can but lodge him in the enemy's houſe, our buſineſs is done."

Andrew

Andrew was called, and received his inſtructions to wait on Sharpley the next morning; it was with reluctance he could think of quitting his maſter, until informed of the whole ſcheme.

"Oh, your honour," ſaid he, "now I have it, why we ſhall undermine the old dragon, diſlodge her from her poſt, and when off her guard, mayhap I may be placed centinel in her room; and if the worſt comes, and I am diſcovered, why let them take me up for a ſpy, I care not, I only ſerve my maſter, that's my duty to obey command, ſo long as I never betrays my King and country. Oh, 'twill be glorious work to over-reach the *old girl*."

The friend's were amuſed by Andrew's eagerneſs, and ſoon after retired for the night, each to enjoy his own reflections, neither of which was conducive to reſt, for Biddulph was full of uneaſy conjectures for the fate of his letter, and Oſborne had an object before his

his eyes, which entirely precluded him from ſleep.

Until his embarkation for America, he had lived ſo extremely recluſe, that he had no opportunity of ſeeing or converſing with any females, but the old Mrs. Allworth, and the farmers daughters in the neighbourhood. On his arrival in America, he had been ſo harraſſed about from place to place, that all acquaintance with ladies was out of the queſtion. The ſhort time he had been in New-York, had afforded no opportunities to form any intimacies; and Miſs Franklyn was the *firſt young lady* he had ſpent an hour with, ſince he had quitted England and his ſiſters.

From the very attractive graces we have already deſcribed Harriot to be poſſeſſed off, it cannot be wondered at if poor Oſborne's heart was taken by ſurpriſe, when prepared to admire her from his friend's account of her merits, and dazzled by the charms of a perſon *he* had never ſeen equalled. Short as the

the hours appeared whilſt ſhe was in company, they were long enough to fix her image in his heart, and the anxious deſire to ſerve her, which he placed to his regard for Biddulph, alas! originated from another ſource, from a violent paſſion ſuddenly and unconſciouſly conceived at this firſt interview. When retired to his bed, the form of Harriot ſwam before his eyes; he recollected every look, every word, which little as ſhe did ſpeak, ſeemed to him "heavenly wiſdom," and delightful eloquence—all together formed to his mind a moſt perfect image, and with a heart-felt ſigh he concluded, that to poſſeſs ſuch a woman, muſt be the height of human felicity. Happy Biddulph! exclaimed he, if the lovely Harriot eſteems thee, how great will be thy reward for the moſt painful perſeverance, and to what envied happineſs has thy former misfortunes conducted thee! reſtleſs and unhappy he paſſed the night, occupied by ideas ſo novel, and ſo fruitleſs, that love and deſpair had birth in the ſame moment.

Mean-

Mean while the lovely cauſe of this diſquietude between the two friends, was not much eaſier; ſurpriſe and curioſity carried her immediately from the garden to her apartment, where ſhe was at liberty to peruſe Biddulph's letter. She was aſtoniſhed to find he was in New-York, and not leſs charmed at his perſeverance in purſuing her, a proof of uncommon attachment. The tenderneſs and reſpectful ardour of his expreſſions, ſunk deep into her heart, and the opportunity he had availed himſelf of, through his friend, to give her intelligence of his being near her, could not fail of giving her pleaſure: her heart acknowledged he deſerved her love, but delicacy and prudence ſtill revolted againſt carrying on a private correſpondence. Something was due to him however, and therefore, ſuppoſing that he would make ſome effort to know her ſentiments, ſhe ſat down that evening, and wrote to him in theſe terms.

TO MR. BIDDULPH,

" It would be ungrateful, and equally repugnant to truth, if I ſcrupled to acknowledge myſelf obliged to you, ſir, for thoſe proofs of your attachment, which has induced you to brave dangers, and ſupport fatigues, in following me to New-York. But thoſe fruitleſs acknowledgments, I fear, is all the poor recompenſe you can expect. My ſentiments you are already acquainted with; I never will incur the diſgrace of eloping from my guardian; I have reſolution to bear perſecution, and to feel myſelf ſuperior to any mortifications a ſelfiſh, malignant woman, may prepare for me; but I have not courage to ſupport the illiberal cenſure that would wound my fame, or the pain of ſelf-reproach, for committing a raſh action, however great my provocations. I can already diſcern that I am brought here to be ſacrificed to a man Mrs. Bailey calls her couſin; a man ſo utterly diſagreeable to me, that I can brave her utmoſt

utmoſt reſentment, rather than give any countenance to her deſign; ſhe has no power over my hand; and thus much I think the diſintereſted affection you honour me with, claims in return, that I ſhould frankly confeſs, were all obſtacles removed, which at preſent impede our union, I know not a man I ſhould prefer to Mr. Biddulph. But time and place muſt concur, and every difficulty be done away, before any proofs of that preference can be conſiſtent with decorum. With this determination, it would be a folly to expect that an affection founded on perſon and diſpoſition ſo little known, ſhould ſtand the teſt of time and accidents; my expectations are by no means ſo extravagant: but let the events as to *your* inclinations be what they may, I pledge my honour, that neither perſuaſions nor perſecutions, ſhall induce me to give my hand to any man, until I am of age to act for myſelf, or that Mrs. Bailey's conſent accords with my own choice. If you can derive any pleaſure to yourſelf from this reſolution, you are at liberty to make your own

own comments on it, agreeable to your wiſhes. Having already expreſſed my diſlike to a ſecret correſpondence, you muſt not expect to hear from me again by any private hand, but you will always have my beſt wiſhes for your happineſs.

HARRIOT FRANKLYN."

Miſs Franklyn was not perfectly ſatisfied with this letter, but deſpairing to write a better on ſo delicate a ſubject, ſhe ſealed and put it into her pocket, with the hope of ſeeing the friend Mr. Biddulph had intruſted with his ſecret; although ſhe felt rather mortified at the appearance of a clandeſtine affair to the eyes of a ſtranger, but ſhe had no other reſource.

On the appointed morning, Andrew waited on Mr. Sharpley, and on an examination of his merits, he was accepted, if his character from Mr. Matthews accorded with his account of himſelf; theſe, through Mr. Oſborne's

borne's management, was ſoon ſettled, and the following day he took poſſeſſion of his poſt.

Oſborne, mean-time, had been led by the impatience of Biddulph, and his own inclinations, to call on Mr. Sharpley; his name was no ſooner announced, than Mrs. Bailey hurried to the parlour; Harriot, though uninvited, from an equal wiſh to ſee the gentleman, followed her—never was a ſcene more truly ridiculous, the "old girl," as Andrew called her, fidgetted up to Oſborne;

"My dear ſir, I am happy to ſee you; my couſin is not at home, but that is of no conſequence; *I am* very happy to ſee you; I do aſſure you, ſir, you are the only Engliſhman I can bear the ſight of; pray don't you think America much finer country than your England? ſir, it will be the firſt place in the world—a moderate fortune here, enables a man to live like a prince."

" Doubtleſs, Madam," ſaid Oſborne, ſick of her volubility, and his eyes wandering after the intereſting Harriot, " doubtleſs, America *is* a charming country, and with a moderate fortune, and the lady of his choice, any man would be in an enviable ſituation."

" You are perfectly obliging, ſir," returned ſhe, ſimpering, and bending her ſtiff knees into ſomething like a courteſy, " you are indeed vaſtly polite; for my part I have not a large fortune, that is, not a *very* large one, but enough for comfort, ſir, and that is every thing you know, with a perſon one likes."

" Very true, very juſt indeed," cried Oſborne, riſing, and going towards Harriot. " What a very elegant purſe you are netting, Madam."

The enraged ſpinſter looking ſpitefully,

" Aye, the purſe is well enough."

" 'Tis

" 'Tis for her intended huſband, I ſuppoſe."

" As I know no ſuch perſon," ſaid Harriot, " 'tis moſt likely to be for myſelf."

" But you ſhould ſhow Mr. Oſborne your fire ſcreen, as he ſeems to be a judge of work."

" O dear, ſo I will, I proteſt I had forgot it."

Ringing the bell, a ſervant appeared.

" Here, girl, take this key; but no, no, I muſt go myſelf; do you ſtay here 'till I come down; mind me, don't you ſtir out of the room 'till I come down."

Then whiſking away, Harriot ſeized the moment, unperceived by the girl, to give Mr. Oſborne her letter, which he received and pocketted with an involuntary ſigh. As

he ſtooped to pick up her netting pin, which in her hurry ſhe had dropped.

"I thank you, ſir," ſaid ſhe, adding, with a ſignificant look, "but you will pardon me if I decline any ſimilar obligations; I may be particular, but I am very decided."

He bowed without replying, as he well underſtood her meaning, and in a minute entered Mrs. Bailey, with her embroidery.

Finding all parties ſituated as ſhe left them, and perfectly ſilent, ſhe diſmiſſed the ſervant, with ſome trifling meſſage, and diſplayed her fire ſcreen, deſcanting on its various beauties to the inattentive Oſborne, whoſe eyes and thoughts wandered in a different direction; but fortunately, Miſs Franklyn having executed the buſineſs that alone brought her to the parlour, ſhe withdrew juſt in time to ſave him from Mrs. Bailey's diſpleaſure, which began to mount up to her face.

"Bleſs

"Bleſs me," cried ſhe, "why you do not ſeem to admire it."

"Pardon me, Madam," anſwered he, equivocally, "I admire it moſt exceedingly, it appears to me a maſter-piece of nature."

"Then you think the flowers very natural, and the work well done?"

"The whole," anſwered he, "is ſo truly beautiful, that I would give the world if it was at my command, to be the poſſeſſor of it."

His warmth had exceeded his prudence, the "old girl" ſtared at him,

"Dear me, Lord bleſs me! my dear ſir, *why*, you ſhall be the poſſeſſor of it, indeed you ſhall, at a much leſs price; I will ſet about finiſhing it directly, and then, ſir, and then I dare ſay you will find it at your ſervice, if it be not *your own fault*."

Oſborne, who had recovered from the enthuſiaſm of the moment, perfectly underſtood her, and ſmiling at her miſtake,

"I thank you, Madam, I ſhall then be a happy man indeed."

Fearing the converſation would grow too tender, and having no further inducement to ſtay, he roſe to take leave, and in ſpite of her endeavours to retain him, pleaded an "unfortunate pre-engagement," and with a few civil ſpeeches, haſtened out of the houſe.

On his way home, he took out the letter intruſted to him; admired the writing, kiſſed the letter, then recollecting who it was for, he thruſt it haſtily into his pocket, afraid of his own weakneſs.

Overcome with a variety of new and very painful emotions, he met Biddulph with an air ſo confuſed and melancholy, that the other preſaged ſome misfortune had happened, and trembling

trembling took the letter, which he ſeemed afraid to open.

" Tell me, dear Oſborne, is Miſs Franklyn well; has any accident or vexation diſturbed you?"

" Neither, nothing upon my word," he replied, throwing himſelf into a chair, in a manner that contradicted his aſſertions; " all is very well I believe; read your letter."

Biddulph broke the ſeal; the other watched him as he read, and ſaw his various emotions, until at the concluſion, his eyes parkled with joy, and he eagerly kiſſed the ſignature, exclaiming,

" Dear, angelic girl! what is time or difficulties, with ſuch an enlivening hope!"

" Well," ſaid Oſborne, rather peeviſhly, " I told you truth, I perceive; you are all tranſport, but I forgot to tell you that ſhe de-

ſires no repetition of my ſervices as a *letter carrier.*"

"I muſt ſubmit to her pleaſure," anſwered Biddulph, "for I would not infringe her orders for worlds; all I have to do, is to try if I cannot conciliate matters with Mrs. Bailey."

"You have then Miſs Franklyn's leave to do ſo?" aſked Oſborne.

"Not in direct terms, but ſhe permits me to place what interpretation I pleaſe on her words. O, my dear Oſborne, you are the friend of my heart, this dear letter is the prognoſtic of future happineſs."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Oſborne, in a tone ſo languid, that it immediately called up Biddulph's attention.

"My

" My dear Oſborne, you are not well, I am ſure you are not; pray tell me what is amiſs, and have ſome advice."

" 'Tis only a confounded pain in my *head*, (he ſhould have ſaid *heart*) I will take a ramble in the wood; perhaps the air may do me ſervice."

" I will accompany you," ſaid Biddulph.

" By no means; I want to call on two or three friends, and have ſome other buſineſs; you, in the mean time, may contemplate on your happy proſpects, and feaſt on your enlivening hopes, ſufficient amuſement for a lover," affecting to ſmile.

Seeing that Biddulph regarded him with an air of aſtoniſhment, he added,

" When I return, I will give you a little anecdote of Mrs. Bailey, who, I believe, has a ſerious deſign upon my perſon." He then

careleſsly pronounced "adieu," and left the houſe.

Biddulph was not ſo inattentive an obſerver of mankind, as not to know there was ſome myſtery in Oſborne's behaviour; ſomething particular which he did not chooſe to develope; and as he had been ſo very unreſerved in his communications, and 'till within theſe two laſt days, had ſeemed ſo tranquil in his mind, and lively in his manners, he was thoroughly perſuaded that ſome occurrence had taken place to make him uneaſy: he felt hurt at his want of confidence, but was too well bred to preſs into more of his affairs than he choſe voluntarily to reveal. He therefore turned from a curioſity, he found difficult to repreſs, when he thought of the circumſtance; and peruſing Harriot's letter again and again, he found ſo much cauſe for ſelf-gratulation, that he forgot, in thoſe moments of happineſs, his own difficulties, and his friend's ſtrange conduct.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

OSBORNE, after he had left his friend, began to reflect on his behaviour towards him, and the ſtrange point of view that he muſt appear in, by the capricious manner in which he had repeated his words; he was hurt at his want of temper, and began to inveſtigate the cauſe: the reſearch afforded him no pleaſure; Harriot, the lovely Harriot, was at once his delight and torment; he eſteemed, he reſpected Biddulph, but he ſhrunk from him as the intended huſband of Miſs Franklyn. "I am then in love (cried

he mentally) I cannot deceive myſelf; falſe to my friend, and unworthy of his confidence, I have ſuffered my eyes to miſlead my heart, and have given way to a paſſion before I ſuſpected my danger: hopeleſs as that paſſion muſt be, I fear it is not to be conquered; in flight is my only ſafety; I will leave New-York, and go to Rhode-Iſland—yet, why ſhould I fly?" thought he again, "may I not indulge myſelf with the dear delight of ſeeing her, if my tongue is ſilent? my *looks* cannot wrong my friend, and if I am for ever dumb on the ſubject of my paſſion, neither has a right to complain; I mūſt be the only ſufferer, and who knows but reflection and deſpair may enable me to ſubdue the violence of my feelings: flight is cowardly, is unmanly; no, let me try to make the effort, and I may conquer. Theſe fallacious arguments, ſuggeſted by weakneſs inſtead of courage, decided the point, and he turned back with a more compoſed countenance, to rejoin his friend.

On

On entering his lodgings, he found an invitation from Sharpley, to dine with him the following day, which he had not the reſolution to refuſe. Andrew had been there, but Mr. Biddulph was gone out, nor did he return 'till a late hour, to the ſurpriſe of Oſborne, who became extremely uneaſy at his abſence. On his appearance, he met him with a cordiality that agreeably amazed Biddulph, who rejoiced that the temporary cloud was paſt away, which had diſturbed him ſome hours before. He told him, that being very apprehenſive of being ſeen in the ſtreets by Mrs. Bailey, he was deſirous of procuring a lodging at the environs of the town, near the wood, that he might enjoy air and exerciſe, until ſuch time as he could overcome her prejudices, or find ſome way of being introduced to Sharpley, in an advantageous light; he added, that Mr. Matthews had kindly aſſiſted him in the look-out for ſuch a ſituation, and he hoped had been ſucceſsful; "and to-morrow," ſaid he, "if you will accompany me to the houſe, and approve of it,

it, there are, I apprehend, ſufficient accommodations for you alſo."

Who can account for the workings of the human mind, and the ſtrange alterations that an accidental circumſtance ſhall occaſion within the ſpace of a few hours, in the boſoms of the deareſt friends. Well was the poet juſtified in the obſervation,

" Friendſhip, take heed! if *woman* interfere,
" Be ſure the hour of thy deſtruction's near."

Oſborne, who had really conceived the warmeſt regard for Biddulph, nay, ſtill eſteemed him, and was almoſt a ſtranger to his own feelings, who but a few days preceding, would have thought it a misfortune to have been parted from him, felt now an involuntary ſatisfaction in the idea of a ſeparation; and therefore, though not without a confuſion, a heſitation he could not ſurmount, he lamented that it would be highly inconvenient for him to remove juſt now; you are certainly

certainly right in your intention of ſo doing, added he, and perhaps within a few days, I may be ſo happy as to join you, but at preſent I have particular reaſons that militate againſt my wiſhes to accompany you."

Biddulph was again ſurpriſed at his behaviour; his looks did not eſcape his obſervation, but reſolved to ſuppreſs any appearance of impertinent curioſity, he contented himſelf with a ſeeming belief of thoſe "particular circumſtances," that confined him to his preſent lodging, without prying into the nature of them; he therefore ſaid, and with great truth,

"That when it ſuited Mr. Oſborne's convenience, he ſhould rejoice to ſee him an inhabitant of the ſame dwelling with himſelf."

The other felt a pang at his heart, which ſeemed to convict him of duplicity; he hem'd off a riſing ſigh, and entered upon a trifling converſation, not ſaying one word of his intention

tention to dine the following day at Sharpley's. For the firſt time together, they ſpent an evening of reſtraint and mutual uneaſineſs; they retired early to their apartments, each being eager to enjoy his own reflections undiſturbed.

Not conſcious of having, in any ſhape, offended Oſborne, Biddulph could not account for his apparent caprice, ſo different from the tenor of his former behaviour; and after various conjectures, could aſſign no other cauſe than ſome gay juvenile attachment, which he choſe to keep ſecret from the obſervation of others, and which perhaps not being of a nature to be permanent, might ſoon be done away, and he would again *reſume himſelf*. Fraught with this idea, he reſolved not to ſeem to notice the alteration, which however pained him, becauſe the hours paſſed heavy and melancholy, when without a companion.

Oſborne,

Oſborne, mean time, reſtleſs and unhappy, was reproaching himſelf for his involuntary offence; he felt a very painful inquietude; the man he had loved, he now thought on with envy, and ſomething very like hatred, at times; yet he was conſcious that man deſerved his eſteem as much as ever; but he found his preſence inſupportable, and enjoyed the thought of a ſeparation, which would allow him the indulgence of his own meditations, though ſometimes they were accompanied with remorſe and ſelf-upbraidings.

Thus thoſe two friends were plunged into mutual uneaſineſs and painful ſuſpicion, whilſt the fair cauſe of their embarraſſment was unconſcious of the miſchief ſhe had produced, and was herſelf by no means in an enviable ſtate of mind.

When Mr. Oſborne attended the dinner table at Mr. Sharpley's, he appeared with a confuſed air, and paid his compliments with an embarraſſment, that the delighted Mrs. Bailey

Bailey interpreted in her own favour, and ſet it down as an abſolute fact, that ſhe had at length made a conqueſt of ſome conſequence. Pleaſure danced in her eyes; ſhe threw herſelf into a thouſand ridiculous attitudes, overpowered him with compliments, loaded his plate with ſuch a profuſion of victuals, that poor Oſborne was abſolutely ſick, and compelled to requeſt leſs kindneſs, and a clean plate.

Sharpley enjoyed the ſcene, but Miſs Franklyn was mortified that a woman of Mrs. Bailey's age ſhould render herſelf ſo completely ridiculous.

Oſborne, mean time, being ſeated oppoſite to Harriot, feaſted his eyes, and took in large draughts of love, not foreſeeing the future miſery he was laying up for himſelf.

When the ladies retired from the table, Sharpley congratulated Oſborne on Mrs. Bailey's viſible attachment, adding,

" You

"You will pardon me if I am wrong, but if you are a young ſoldier of fortune, dependant upon your profeſſion, you cannot do a better thing than ſtrike up to the enamoured maiden; ſhe has nearly a hundred a year, and a thouſand pounds in money."

"I am obliged to you, ſir," ſaid Oſborne, "but though I reſpect Mrs. Bailey, I cannot, at my time of life, ſacrifice myſelf for a poor proviſion, for which I muſt be dependant on my wife—No, my ſword ſhall carve its own fortune, whatever it may be."

"Phoo, phoo," returned Sharpley, "you will think better of it by and by; why no man had a greater averſion to matrimony than myſelf, yet I have ſuffered my reſolutions on that head to be overcome, and you will ſhortly ſee me a benedict."

"Indeed!" cried Oſborne, "who pray is the happy lady?"

"Miſs

"Miſs Franklyn," replied Sharpley, "ſhe is a lovely girl to be ſure, and has a few thouſands, ſo I have been perſuaded to accept the offer, and ſhall ſhortly, I believe, marry her."

Oſborne ſat transfixed for a moment, but indignation recovered him.

"*Accept* the offer," repeated he, "why does Miſs Franklyn *offer you* her hand?"

"Not in a direct application," returned the other, "but her guardianeſs has done it for her, and it was more delicate on ſuch an occaſion, you know, to employ a plenipo: matters will ſoon be ſettled, and if you will take a friend's advice, we may have two weddings in one day."

The entrance of two gentlemen, whom Oſborne had met on a former day, prevented further converſation. Cards were preſently called for, and by the time they were ſummoned by the ladies to coffee, Oſborne had loſt

loſt nine guineas, which, within a trifle, was all he could then call his own.

Too late he recollected his ſituation, and his determination not to be drawn in; inſenſible he had gone on; his attention more occupied by the late converſation, than his preſent employment, and it was with ſurpriſe that he found himſelf ſo much involved; he roſe from the table exceſſively chagrined, but with two much pride to own either his vexation or poverty; he paid the money, and haſtened to ſip his coffee, and look at Harriot. From an attentive obſervation, he was convinced ſhe utterly diſliked Sharpley; he ſaw diſdain and indignation in every turn of her expreſſive face, and was well aſſured, from what he ſaw, that Sharpley's vanity deceived him, if he really ſuppoſed ſhe had encouraged Mrs. Bailey to negociate any treaty; it was equally repugnant to her delicacy, and to the hopes ſhe had permitted Biddulph to indulge; there was nothing like coquetry in her manners, and therefore he concluded the

ſcheme

ſcheme was between Sharpley and the old woman. He longed to have ſome private converſation with Harriot, but his lovely lady watched him ſo cloſely, that he deſpaired of finding a luckly moment, when fortune befriended him by an unforeſeen accident; a freſh coffee urn had been brought in, which was placed near Mrs. Bailey, and from her inattention to her buſineſs in ogling Oſborne, ſhe ſtruck the urn, and fairly turned it all into her lap. Her ſcreams, and the confuſion it occaſioned, deranged every body; ſhe was obliged to withdraw to change her linen; Sharpley was buſied in giving orders to clean the apartment; Oſborne approached Harriot.

"Mr. Biddulph, Madam," ſaid he, with a conſcious heſitation; "Mr. Biddulph requeſted me to preſent his devoirs to you, and to aſſure you of his obedience to your orders."

"I am glad to hear Mr. Biddulph is well," replied ſhe, with great ſweetneſs, "and am much

much obliged to him for his acquieſcence with my wiſhes."

"Mr. Sharpley, Madam," reſumed he, "has given me a piece of ſtrange information, that would give infinite pain to my friend."

"If it relates to me," ſaid ſhe, interrupting him, "I have only to obſerve, he is a man that of all others I diſlike, and whatever his intentions or ſchemes may be, relative to me, be aſſured they will fall to the ground, for I am neither to be perſuaded nor intimidated into any meaſures, that my reaſon or heart may diſapprove."

Oſborne complimented her warmly, yet delicately, in ſuch a way as could give no offence, but ſerved to make her pleaſed with him and herſelf.

The return of Mrs. Bailey, and her vociferation at her misfortunes, interrupted a converſation that began to grow very intereſting to

to Oſborne, and he heartily wiſhed the old maiden at the bottom of the river.

Soon after Miſs Franklyn withdrew; and as he had then no loadſtone to attract him, he ſhortened his viſit; reſiſted every perſuaſion to play another rubber, "to retrieve his loſſes," and returned to his lodgings, oppreſſed by two unpleaſant companions, love and poverty, which procured him a reſtleſs night, and an uneaſy mind.

Biddulph was employed that day in fixing himſelf in the lodging Mr. Matthews had procured for him; it was on the ſkirt of the wood, and inhabited by an elderly man, his wife, and a young woman about nineteen, whom he ſuppoſed to be their grand daughter. The tall cheſnut trees with which it was ſurrounded, ſhaded it agreeably from the piercing rays of the ſun; a little rivulet run on one ſide, and a ſmall orchard at the back, made this little dwelling a paradiſe in the eyes of Biddulph, who delighted in the quiet enchanting

chanting ſcenes of nature. The houſe being larger than the family could inhabit, they were glad to accommodate a perſon with a part, to increaſe their little income, which ariſing from two or three ſmall farms in the neighbourhood, had ſuffered ſome decreaſe from the depredations of the ſoldiery, although the Britiſh commanders had forbidden any injury being offered to the inhabitants of the city, and had ſeverely puniſhed ſeveral who had diſobeyed thoſe orders; yet it was impoſſible to reſtrain them always within the bounds that were preſcribed.

Theſe worthy people's names were Newton, and though they mentioned their loſſes, yet they ſpoke without reſentment or reflections againſt the Engliſh, whoſe general good conduct they allowed and praiſed.

Oſborne had promiſed to call on him; Biddulph waited for him, anxious to know if he had ſeen, or heard from Andrew; at length he came, but how changed from what he was;

Biddulph ſtarted a few paces, then ſhaking his hand,

" Dear Oſborne," he cried, " I feared you were ill; your countenance too plainly evinces thoſe fears were not groundleſs; what ails you my friend?"

Abaſhed and mortified, poor Oſborne was unable to ſpeak, but on being repeatedly preſſed, as to the cauſe of his illneſs, at length confeſſed " he had been drawn in by Sharpley to play, and had loſt all the caſh he was maſter of, to one ſolitary guinea."

" And is it poſſible," cried Biddulph, " that the loſs of ſuch a trifle can diſtreſs both your mind and body, whilſt you had a friend happy to ſerve you? what an injury to my friendſhip, dear Oſborne, was your reſerve; money I do not, nor can I want, and its greateſt value to me, will be ſharing it with you. I inſiſt upon your taking twenty pieces immediately; I took care to be well ſtocked, before

fore I left Philadelphia, therefore no apologies; I can largely accommodate you, and draw for more when I have occaſion."

Oſborne looked at him for a moment in ſilence, then turning from him,

"No, my dear ſir, I cannot accept your favours, I feel I cannot, I ought not to do it. I have my reaſons, they are unanſwerable."

"Then you no longer eſteem me, Oſborne; how have I offended you; why are you thus changed? ah! conſider my ſituation, deprive me not of my friend; ſomething I ſee is ſtruggling upon your mind, tell me all, do not puniſh me for involuntary errors."

"*I am* unhappy," replied Oſborne, much agitated, "I will not deny it; you cannot ſerve me."

"Hear me," cried Biddulph, taking his hand, "I will not be denied to participate in your diſtreſs; have I had any reſerves to you? unkind Oſborne, you may ſeverely wound me by your unaccountable ſilence; you may injure yourſelf: only tax my *power*, and if I want inclination to ſerve you, then deſpiſe me."

"Deſpiſe you!" repeated Oſborne, "no, I may *hate*, but I *deſpiſe* only myſelf." then ſuddenly withdrawing his hand, "I can be of no ſervice to you, Andrew will ſerve you more effectually than I can. Adieu, Biddulph, adieu, I know not when you may ſee me again."

Before the other could reply, for aſtoniſhment had tied his tongue, Oſborne was out of ſight. The other ſtood for ſome moments immoveable; a thouſand conjectures he formed, without fixing on the poſſible cauſe that had thus ſuddenly changed the conduct of a young man he thought moſt friendly towards him.

him. At length he was perſuaded he had involved himſelf deeper than he had courage to acknowledge, and was aſhamed of his extravagance.

" Twenty guineas, perhaps, was of little uſe," ſaid he, " but he ſhall not be loſt, if the ſum is within my power.—I can give him more, and ſhall ſoon receive letters of credit from Philadelphia. Well, then, in ſpite of my reluctance to be ſeen in the ſtreets, I will follow him, and obtain his confidence."

Which reſolution he immediately executed, but Oſborne was not to be found. He waited a conſiderable time at his lodgings, and deſpairing of ſeeing him, and apprehenſive, from the diſpoſition he ſeemed to be in, that he might commit ſome raſh action, he ſat down and wrote a moſt friendly letter, offering him the unlimitted command of his purſe and credit, to rid him of any pecuniary embarraſſments, and requeſting him not to eſtrange himſelf from a real friend, who

would find a peculiar pleaſure in being permitted to ſerve him.

He ſealed and gave the letter to a ſervant, with a charge to deliver it the moment Mr. Oſborne returned; he was in the paſſage to the door, when a knocking at it ſtopt him from advancing, in the hope that it might be the perſon he wiſhed to ſee; he drew back therefore as the ſervant opened the door, and in a moment, who ſhould enter the houſe, inquiring for Mr. Oſborne, but William Biddulph, alias Smith! Surpriſe arreſted both the feet and tongue of our Mr. Biddulph; and the other not ſeeing him, had turned back to leave the houſe before he recovered himſelf.

"Mr. Adams's compliments was left for Mr. Oſborne, with an invitation from Mr. Sharpley, to ſpend the evening at his houſe."

Biddulph recovering from the aſtoniſhment that had ſeized him, followed him into the

the ſtreet, at a diſtance juſt not to loſe ſight of him, and after going through two or three ſtreets, ſaw him enter a very genteel houſe, in a way that denoted he was the maſter of it. He applied to a ſhop in the neighbourhood, to know if a Mr. Smith lived thereabouts, and was anſwered in the negative. He then aſked for a Mr. Adams, an Engliſh gentleman, and was directed to the very houſe before-mentioned; thither he went, and knocking at the door, aſked if the maſter was at home; being deſired to give his name, he quickly replied, "his name was of no conſequence, he came from Mr. Oſborne," upon which we was immediately ſhewn into a parlour, where *the* Mr. Adams ſtood, taking ſome papers out of his pocket. Biddulph, the moment he entered, ſhut the door behind him, and advanced: the papers dropped from the hand of the other, and he ſtaggered back ſome paces.

"You little expected to ſee me," ſaid Biddulph, "I believe, but know no place

in the globe can conceal a villain, from a man determined to hunt him down."

"Your—your addreſs; your words, ſir, I do not comprehend; I do not underſtand; you are a ſtranger to me," ſaid the trembling wretch.

"Well may you diſclaim me," ſaid Biddulph, indignantly, "well deny your knowledge of the man you have ſo cruelly injured; but that *you do* know me, your pallid cheeks, your quivering lips and trembling limbs, evidently prove. Baſe, ungrateful deceiver, thou man of many names, tell me what is your buſineſs here? what new ſchemes of villany have you in hand? where is your unworthy mother; and by what means came you acquainted with Mr. Oſborne? my heart miſgives me, that he too is injured by your infernal arts."

The other had by this time re-aſſured himſelf, and aſſuming an air of haughtineſs,

"I know

"I know not, ſir, by what right you take the liberty to enter this houſe, and treat me ſo freely, who am a perfect ſtranger to you; no miſtakes of perſon or name can excuſe it, and therefore I beg you will directly withdraw."

"By heavens I will not!" exclaimed Biddulph, "do not attempt to outface me; injured as I have been, humility and confeſſion may do ſomething, but inſolence ſhall draw down certain vengeance on you; I have no longer a beloved wife to with-hold my arm."

"And pray, ſir," demanded the other, "where is your proofs that ſhall oblige me to ſubmit to you; *you*, whom I know not; my name is Adams, *I am well known*, and after telling you, that if a ſimilarity of face or figure has drawn you into a miſtake ſo degrading to me, let me tell you, ſir, you have many apologies to offer for your rudeneſs."

"Good heavens!" cried Biddulph, "was ever impudence like this!"

"Not often, I believe," returned the other, with a ſcornful ſmile, "for a man to be inſulted in his own houſe by a ſtranger—however, ſir, you had beſt withdraw; I have ſervants at hand, who will ſhew you the door."

Then ſuddenly ringing the bell, he opened a door of communication with another room, and was gone in a moment.

Biddulph, thunderſtruck at his uncommon aſſurance, when the ſervant entered, could ſcarce command himſelf, but ſaw it was to no purpoſe to ſtay then; he therefore withdrew, and being now more anxious than ever to ſee Oſborne, he returned to his lodgings, and fortunately arrived about three minutes after him. He would not ſuffer himſelf to be announced, but abruptly entered his apartment, and

and found him reading his letter. He ſtarted on ſeeing Biddulph,

"Why will you purſue me with kindneſs, ſo little merited?" ſaid he, with a mournful air.

"Dear Oſborne," cried Biddulph, "I have much to ſay to you; but firſt, pray ſatisfy me; do you know a Mr. Adams?"

"I have ſeen a perſon of that name twice," he replied.

"Know, then," returned the other, "that Mr. Adams, Mr. Smith of Philadelphia, and William Biddulph, are one and the ſame perſon."

He then repeated the preceding ſcene.

"I am indeed aſtoniſhed," ſaid Oſborne, "but you will recollect, there is no perſon here that knows him, perhaps; you alſo are a

ſtranger; equal credit may be thought due to both, and before you can procure any proofs on your ſide, he may take himſelf off. You have been too raſh in the diſcovery; but what advantages do you mean to derive to yourſelf from it?"

"To myſelf none," anſwered Biddulph, "he has irreparably injured me, nor have I the means to bring him to any puniſhment, further than expoſing him to ſhame and diſgrace, unleſs I can oblige him to a confeſſion of his baſe deceptions. I have the ſtrongeſt reaſons to believe, he was the author of the anonymous letter ſent to Mrs. Bailey; could I by force or perſuaſions get him to acknowledge that, and recant what he has written, 'tis poſſible her prejudices againſt me may be done away."

"I fear," ſaid Oſborne, "you have taken a wrong method to procure any ſuch advantage; you have irritated him, and given him time to deviſe new ſchemes; 'tis very unlikely

likely that any arguments you could adduce, ſhould prevail upon him to confeſs himſelf a villain; and as to force, he will now be upon his guard againſt you. Does he know we are intimate?"

"I do not recollect," replied Biddulph, "that I gave him any ſuch intimation, though I believe I mentioned your name; but if you accept Sharpley's invitation, you may learn a little more of him; if he cannot be brought to do me juſtice, I will at leaſt drive him from hence, by expoſing his character.

"But to drop him for the preſent; give me the pleaſure, my dear Osborne, of being uſeful to you; you ſhall not refuſe me, nor will I leave the houſe until you conſider me as a friend, and uſe me as ſuch. I wiſh not to pry into the cauſe of your uneaſineſs, nor aſk why you have treated me ſo coldly: every man has motives for his conduct, not always neceſſary to be divulged, even to the deareſt friends; only oblige me by accepting the

the little aſſiſtance you at preſent may feel a convenience, and 'tis all I aſk."

"Well," returned Osborne, "you compel me to be obliged to you; remember, you *force* your favours upon me, and if hereafter I ſhould appear unworthy or contemptible, blame only yourſelf. I wiſh to act uprightly, to preſerve my integrity, but oh! Biddulph, I cannot anſwer for myſelf."

"Why then put it to the hazard?" ſaid Biddulph, "why encounter temptations you have not reſolution to reſiſt?"

"Aye, why indeed," returned the other, haſtily walking the room, "but becauſe I am the weakeſt of men; becauſe an irreſiſtible *impulſe* drives me forward to ruin."

"My good Osborne," ſaid Biddulph, mildly, "exert yourſelf to conquer this *impulſe*; conſider the fatal effects that may follow the indulgence of a blameable propenſity; only

only try to reſiſt your inclination, and believe me you will ſubdue it."

"How eaſy to give advice!" cried Oſborne, "how difficult to ſet the example! have *you* found it ſo eaſy to ſubdue your feelings? have *you* been intimidated by difficulties, or convinced by reaſon? ah, Biddulph, ceaſe to enforce leſſons on others, you have found the impoſſibility of attending to, when they militated againſt your own inclinations."

"I pretend not to more reſolution than another," returned Biddulph, "nor can I arrogate any merit to myſelf in reſiſting the temptation of play, yet I certainly have very frequently ſtruggled againſt my inclination, and in flight from the ſcene of action, preſerved my reſolution, as I am convinced it is much eaſier to avoid running into temptation, than to reſiſt it, when the inducements are before us. In this caſe, however, I feel the more intereſted, as I muſt, in a great meaſure, blame myſelf, for your wiſhes to ſerve me

me has thrown you into the acquaintance of this Sharpley."

"Would to heaven I had never ſeen him," exclaimed Osborne, paſſionately, (who ſaw Biddulph had miſtaken his alluſions, and was unſuſpecting of his love for Harriot) "would to heaven I had reſolution ſufficient to quit New-York inſtantly."

"You are wrong, my friend," ſaid Biddulph, "there is no neceſſity for *that*; temptations may and will aſſail you every where; you may conquer propenſities and habits as well here, as at a thouſand miles diſtance; pardon me however for this freedom; I have aſſumed the privilege of friendſhip, perhaps, without being intitled to it: do not go to Sharpley's again on my account; Andrew can furniſh me with intelligence, and I would much rather ſuffer from want of information, than purchaſe it at ſo dear a rate as your peace. As to the Mr. Adams, I certainly will

will watch for another converſation with him, and develope his ſchemes if I can."

Osborne, who had thrown himſelf into a chair, his head reſting on his hand, and in a ſeeming reverie, ſtarting up,

"I wiſh you ſucceſs," ſaid he, "this evening I will go to Sharpley's, perhaps it may be for the laſt time, but however that may be, I will ſee you to-morrow."

"If you have an opportunity," returned Biddulph, "preſent my compliments to Miſs Franklyn; ſevere as her commands are, with *me*, they are ſacred; and whilſt I know ſhe is well, and free from perſecution, I can bear, I can ſubmit to every thing."

He now took leave of Osborne, who very reluctantly accepted his pecuniary favours, abſolutely refuſing to take more than the twenty guineas.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

BIDDULPH returned to his lodgings, and being rather in a contemplative mood, rambled away into the wood. The thick chesnut trees no ways impeded his steps, and he had walked a considerable way, without being sensible of the distance, until the close of the evening, and rising of the moon, reminded him that he had so much ground to measure back again; but he found it not quite so easy to return, for lost in thought, and unmindful of the turnings, after walking near

near an hour, he perceived himſelf in a part of the wood he had not ſeen before, and where the trees were leſs lofty, and the proſpect more confined. Vexed at his inattention, he looked on all ſides, to conſider which turning might be moſt likely to lead him home. Through a clump of trees, he thought he perceived ſomething like the walls of a dwelling, on which the moon reflected its beams, and occaſioned its being ſeen; he preſſed through them, and in a few minutes obſerved a very neat looking, but low houſe, ſurrounded by a garden of ſhrubs and evergreens, which rendered it almoſt impervious to the eye of a caſual traveller. He advanced towards it, and opening the gate of a ſhort avenue cut through the garden, came to the door, at which he knocked. It was opened by a man ſervant, of whom he inquired the way out of the wood, to regain his lodgings. Whilſt the man was giving him the neceſſary information, a lady, plainly, but very neatly dreſſed, came out of the room, and glancing her eyes towards Biddulph, ſhe advanced,

" What

"What does the gentleman want?" ſaid ſhe; being told, "ſhe aſked him to walk in and reſt himſelf, after which the ſervant ſhould conduct him to the proper pathway."

He accepted the invitation, and followed her into an octagon room, with folding glaſs doors, that opened into the garden; the flowers and ſhrubs from which, perfumed the room with the moſt delightful ſcents. At a table was ſeated another middle aged lady, and a very amiable young one, about ſixteen or ſeventeen, buſily occupied with their needles, with an abundance of linen on the table, and chairs near them.

His conductreſs introduced him to her friend, whom ſhe called Mrs. Nesbitt, and the young lady her daughter Agnes. They received him with a polite reſerve, and reſumed their employment. The lady who had invited him in, ſaid,

"Doubtleſs,

"Doubtleſs, you are ſurpriſed to ſee three women thus encloſed, as it may be called, in a wood."

"The ſituation, Madam, is uncommonly pleaſing, but you will pardon me if I confeſs, that I think it too lonely, and ſubject to diſagreeable interruptions."

"And yet, from my fearleſs reception of you," returned ſhe, ſmiling, "you may obſerve, we are pretty free from apprehenſion. At firſt, indeed, when the Engliſh troops took poſſeſſion of New-York, this had only been an occaſional reſidence; but particular circumſtances induced us to reſide in it altogether. We are under the protection of the Britiſh commander, and have never yet met with any inſult; yet ſtrange to ſay, we are daily employed in making linen, to diſtribute among our own people that are in arms, and for their wives and families, that are left in the city. That lady, ſir, has loſt a brother, I have loſt one ſon, and have now another with our

our brave Waſhington. We feel, ſir, as relatives, but we glory in our patriot friends, who died in the cauſe of freedom and their country."

"Your heroiſm, Madam," ſaid Biddulph, "would have done honour to the Spartan name."

"'Tis the reſult of principle," ſaid Mrs. Neſbitt, 'tis from a conviction that 'tis every man's duty to ſacrifice himſelf in the defence of his country. You are an Engliſhman, ſir, perhaps in the army?"

"No, Madam, I am not, but I am proud of being an Engliſhman, a brother to the Americans, links of one great chain; pity they ſhould ever be diſunited! but without blaming or defending either party, I can honour virtue, and reſpect thoſe who act from principle, though I may lament that thoſe principles differ from mine."

"You

"You ſpeak with candour and liberality," replied Mrs. Neſbitt; had ſuch been the language of your countrymen at home; had lenity and a ſmall relaxation accompanied perſuaſion at firſt, this much lamented difference never had been carried to ſuch cruel lengths. Ah, ſir, the horrours of a civil war never can be repaired, never can be forgotten: we may loſe our deareſt friends; we are not Stoic's, to ſee our husbands, brothers, children, cut off for ever; our property deſtroyed, even our own perſonal ſafety endangered every moment; we do not ſee all this with apathy, or a falſe heroiſm—no, we feel, keenly feel, our misfortunes; but the neceſſity, the duty that called them forth to venture all in defence of their country and their freedom, ſupercedes all ſelfiſh conſiderations; and though our tears will flow from tenderneſs, they are unaccompanied by any regret. We glory that our ſons, our brothers, have performed their duty, though we are the ſufferers."

"Yet,

"Yet, ladies," ſaid Biddulph, "you will pardon me for ſaying, that although I am convinced the ſtricteſt diſcipline is obſerved by the Engliſh in the city, and the ſevereſt puniſhments would follow the leaſt improper behaviour; yet how is it poſſible to depend upon ſecurity from a body of men, where if two or three, out of as many thouſands, are infamous, they might commit enormities too late to be remedied, too great for reparation."

"Your obſervation is very juſt," ſaid the lady who had introduced him; "but, ſir, few ſituations are ſafe from the deſigns of wicked men; we truſt in the protection of the Almighty, who is ſtrong againſt a hoſt of foes; we have hitherto been unmoleſted; your nation, individually, is ſaid not to be ungenerous or cruel to women; as a body of men, we fear them leſs; ſome good hearts there muſt always be; in ſhort, as we have a reliance on a ſuperior Being; as we conduct ourſelves inoffenſively, and are employed only

only in neceſſary and charitable duties; as we interfere not perſonally with the Engliſh eſtabliſhments here, but confine our thoughts within our own breaſts, and extend this little aſſiſtance we are employed in, even to ſome of your troops that are ſick, and in want, we reſt in confidence, and look up to heaven for protection."

Biddulph was charmed with theſe amiable patriotic women, but the lateneſs of the hour reminded him that it was time to take leave; he thanked them for their politeneſs, and aſked permiſſion to wait on them again; they heſitated at firſt, but Mrs. Nesbitt, who ſeemed, as the oldeſt, to take the lead, ſaid, after a little pauſe,

"You are a ſtranger, ſir, as ſuch, prudence would deny your requeſt, but ſhe may, in ſome caſes, be too rigid; you have found out our habitation, and we cannot be concealed; as a criterion whether you deſerve our indulgence or not, we will permit you to

viſit us now and then; and from the advantage you take of our generous confidence, we ſhall judge if you deſerve its extenſion."

The young lady, who had not ſpoke a ſingle word, looked up and bowed, as he took leave. Without being handſome, ſhe had a moſt pleaſing expreſſive countenance, but there ſeemed a caſt of melancholy in her features; whether natural, or the reſult of internal feelings, he could not judge; but was highly pleaſed with the whole group, and congratulated himſelf on the diſcovery he had made. The ſervant conducted him out of the wood by a much nearer road than he had entered it, and he took particular notice, that he might not, on a future viſit, miſtake the way.

When Biddulph came to Mr. Newton's, he found Andrew very impatiently waiting for him.

"O, ſir,

"O, ſir, I am ſo glad you are come, for our old ſhe-dragon would give me ſuch a ſalute, if I ſtayed much longer, that I was juſt a going. The volley of her tongue beats Tom Hardy's drum all to nothing."

"Well, my good Andrew, what news? how does Miſs Franklyn do? what's going forward?"

"Softly, ſir, ſoftly, I can't tell all at once, and though I have been upon the ſcout ever ſince I came, yet I don't know much; but to begin, that dear lovely Miſs Franklyn, God bleſs her! is pretty well in health, but not ſo well conditioned, becauſe Hetty, one of the maids, ſays, Mr. Sharpley makes love to her, and ſhe don't like him; and to my thinking, from what we ſee and hear, they be all at croſs purpoſes: he likes Miſs, ſhe don't like him; the "old girl" likes Mr. Oſborne, and he ſeems to like Miſs; and the old one is as ſpiteful as the devil."

"Mr. Oſborne," ſaid Biddulph, "is my friend, you know, and takes notice of Miſs Harriot on my account."

"Aye, very like ſo," anſwered Andrew, "and to be ſure he ſeems as if he was in love for you or himſelf, for he does ſo look at her, and ſighs ſo terribly; and t'other day I ſaw him ſlyly pop her glove into his pocket; mayhap that was for you, ſir."

"No, indeed, it was not," replied Biddulph, gravely.

"Well, all I know is, he looks cruel ſorrowful at Miſs; and miſtreſs ſhe is ready to eat him, and told Hetty ſhe would marry him, and that Mr. Sharpley and Miſs Harriot ſhould be married the ſame day; but that I don't believe, for ſhe won't let him touch her little finger ſo much, and always ſhys him; but Miſs is very civil to me, and ſo I wants to know if I may tell her that I belong to your honour?"

Biddulph,

Biddulph, who had been revolving in his mind, whether he might not for once venture to diſobey Harriot's commands, and inform her who the Mr. Adams was; from ſomething Andrew had ſaid, now determined to riſque the experiment, and let her know that, as if by accident, he had diſcovered an old ſervant of his, was now living with Mr. Sharpley, and he thought it but neceſſary to acquaint her with the impoſitions of the pretended Mr. Adams, for her future government.

Andrew, who had ſtayed to the laſt minute, promiſed his quondam maſter to call the next day, and dreading the volley of the old woman's tongue, he ran off with all ſpeed.

A thouſand painful conjectures now occupied the mind of Mr. Biddulph; the information of Andrew had infuſed ſuſpicions, that never would have been entertained, even for a moment, had not many concurring circumſtances ſerved to open his eyes. He recollected

lected now, the unaccountable behaviour of Osborne, and the conscious reluctance with which he had accepted his pecuniary assistance, and he no longer doubted of his love for Miss Franklyn. He was too generous, however, to entertain an idea, that Osborne was capable of duplicity, or that he would endeavour to supplant him in her esteem. Love was an involuntary passion, not always to be repressed, and seldom subdued by reason, or apparent impossibilities; feeling as he did, he could not accuse Osborne, though he regretted an event, which must interfere with his first designs to serve him, with Harriot. Biddulph was too well acquainted with human nature, to expect such an extraordinary effort of friendship, as might militate against his own wishes, by promoting the happiness of another; giving Osborne all the credit a good mind could deserve, the most he had reason to hope for was, that he should struggle with his own feelings, and be silent on the subject of his affection. Unfortunate young man (thought he) he upbraids himself for an involuntary

involuntary error, and perhaps thinks he has committed a treaſon againſt friendſhip, by admitting an unſuſpected gueſt into his boſom, that muſt interfere with the duties he owes to his friend: but I will redouble my kindneſs to him, nor ſhall he have any cauſe to believe I am acquainted with his paſſion, and on his generoſity and integrity I am ſure I may rely.

Thus the ſoul of Biddulph, ſuperior to ſuſpicion, reſolved not to withdraw his confidence from Mr. Osborne, at the ſame time that both delicacy and compaſſion forbid him from exacting ſuch painful ſervices as he had heretofore engaged him in.

Andrew having promiſed to call the following day for his letter, he ſat down and wrote to Miſs Franklyn, who, from the memoir he had ſent to her by Mr. Manly, was no ſtranger to the name and character of William Biddulph. He cautioned her againſt this Mr. Adams, who, acting under an

aſſumed name, certainly had ſchemes to purſue, which it would be neceſſary to guard againſt, and to develope; and it might, he added, be worth knowing whether Mr. Sharpley was acquainted with the deception, as in that caſe, every thing might be apprehended from ſo baſe a coalition. He then mentioned Andrew as a faithful ſervant, he was rejoiced to find made a part of Mr. Sharpley's family, aſſuring her, that from many proofs he had experienced of his faith and integrity, on him ſhe might always rely, ſhould his ſervices ever be needful to her.

The letter being finiſhed, he retired to bed, but ſleep had forſaken him; the difficulty of overcoming Mrs. Bailey's prejudices, or of being introduced to her, ſeemed rather to increaſe, from the nature of her preſent plans, and he could ſcarcely think, with any patience, of her deſign to unite his charming Harriot with ſuch a worthleſs character as Sharpley. He earneſtly longed for the next day, when Osborne had promiſed to ſee him,

as

as he hoped to obtain intelligence that might be uſeful for his future government; the preſent inactive life he led, by no means accorded with his inclinations; to be excluded the ſight of Harriot, and afraid of being ſeen by her goaleresſ, were circumſtances that mortified his feelings, and he ſometimes was ready to run all chances, and going openly to the houſe, demand an interview with Mrs. Bailey, to explain the cauſe of her ill-will againſt him; only his fear of diſobliging Miſs Franklyn, kept him within any bounds.

At a very early hour next day, Andrew made his appearance; after looking very wiſe for a minute or two;

"I ſhould be loth to vex your honour, nor do I like the dirty office of a ſpy; but I ſees things I don't like, going on, and ſo I can't tell what I ought to do."

"Explain yourſelf, Andrew, let me know what thoſe things are that you diſlike."

"Aye, now your honour commands me, I can do it with a ſafe conſcience, for to be ſure, 'tis my duty to obey my lawful maſter; and ſo, ſir, I muſt tell you, that I ſaw Mr. Osborne have a long confab with Miſs in the garden, laſt night, but mayhap it was on *your* buſineſs, ſir."

"I fear not, Andrew," ſaid Biddulph.

"Well, and ſo does I too then, for to be ſure he looked very ſweet upon her, and I ſeed him kiſs her hand, and when old mother Bailey comed upon them, ſhe ſcolded like a Billingſgate; and ſo then he ſaid ſomething to her, and kiſſed her hand too, and Miſs walked away, looking very ſorrowful, down the walk, and I thought the poor dear ſoul cried, but I am not ſure, becauſe I was hid behind the trees; and ſo I ſlipped away towards the houſe, and went to lay the cloth for ſupper, and Miſs ſhe would not come; and at ſupper, maſter, that is, Mr. Sharpley, ſays,

"Pray,

"Pray, Mr. Osborne, do you know a Mr. Biddulph?"

And to my thinking he looked quite agaſt, and ſaid,

"Why I think I have heard the name; I believe there might be one of that name in the corps."

"Then you ben't acquainted with him," ſaid Mr. Sharpley."

"There is no officer of that name in New-York," ſaid he.

"And ſo then the old woman began her rig, and ſhe did ſo abuſe you, ſir, that ecod I had a great mind to have thrown a plate at her head; and ſhe keep't ſaying, wasn't that ſhocking, and wasn't that roguiſh, and ſuch like; and Mr. Oſborne anſwered, to be ſure Ma'am; and if you'll believe me, ſir, ſeemed to join with her. After which, in comes two

men, and they all went to cards 'till three o'clock this morning; I let them all out, and Mr. Osborne looked like a fury, and curſed ſomebody or ſomething, two or three times, and ſo then I, I, I believes that's all."

Biddulph was by no means pleaſed with Andrew's intelligence, and from ſome things in his tale, adduced no very favourable omens to himſelf. The kiſs of the hand, he felt to his heart, yet unwilling to judge from appearances, he ſtrove to repreſs ſuſpicion, and turned his thoughts to the ſubſequent circumſtances. Mr. Sharpley's queſtion convinced him Adams had already prejudiced his mind, or that he, Adams and Mrs. Bailey, were leagued in conjunction againſt his hopes of happineſs.

He gave the promiſed letter to Andrew, and deſired he would often throw himſelf in Miſs Franklyn's way, and attend to every tranſaction in which ſhe was concerned.

"And

"And watch Mr. Oſborne, and the old girl, I ſuppoſe?"

"I only wiſh you to ſerve Miſs Franklyn," replied Biddulph; "I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf if I ſet a watch upon any man."

"And I am ſure, your honour," ſaid Andrew, "that though I have many a time been ſent out as a ſcout, I ſcorned the office, except to obey orders, and then you know, 'tis my duty to mind my *betters*, and let *them* look to the rights on't."

Andrew had ſcarcely departed, before Oſborne made his appearance; melancholy and gloomy, he threw himſelf into a chair, with only a ſilent ſalute to Biddulph's friendly reception.

"Well, my dear Oſborne, how is your health and ſpirits to day?"

"Worſe,

"Worſe, much worſe," he replied, "in ſhort I hate myſelf; you muſt hate me too, for I will tell you all."

"I will hear nothing," ſaid Biddulph, "that ſhall leſſen my eſteem for you; dear Oſborne, reſpect yourſelf, think but half ſo well of your own merits as I think of them, and you will be perfectly ſatisfied with yourſelf."

"This is too much," he replied, in great agitation, "O, Biddulph, I have two ſouls; when with you I would be honeſt, generous, and friendly, but when I ſee Miſs Franklyn, I am more than half a villain; I could ſacrifice you, myſelf, and all my hopes in this life, to obtain her favour. The ſecret is now out, I can no longer retain it; behold your rival in the man you loved, the man you have obliged, and who, when he accepted pecuniary favours from you, had the baſeneſs to wiſh, even to endeavour, at ſupplanting you in the affections of an angel. Now talk to me

me of reſpect and eſteem, now that you know my perfidy and duplicity; O, Biddulph, Biddulph! I am a wretch, baſe and ungrateful."

"No more, I beſeech you," ſaid the other, greatly affected, "our affections are too often our maſters; few, like you, have the candour to acknowledge their errors; a mind, like your's, cannot be baſe; you may, in a moment of paſſion, of intoxication, perhaps have permitted your heart to overflow at your lips, for which you accuſe yourſelf; but I know not, after all, whether you have not an equal right with myſelf, to ſue for Miſs Franklyn's favour."

"What?" cried Osborne, interrupting him, "What, after profeſſing myſelf your friend; after being the confidant of your paſſion; after being under the greateſt obligations to you, ſhall I ſtab your unſuſpecting heart; ſhall I dare entertain a wiſh to ſupplant you; and can you doubt if I have any rights! no, Biddulph, I cannot deceive myſelf,

ſelf, for even was Miſs Franklyn free as air, I can have no claims to her hand; without fortune, rank or friends, I can have no pretenſions: and yet I have madly dared to expreſs my more than admiration, in violation of every feeling of honour and friendſhip; and what is the reſult? contempt from her, pity, ſcornful pity from the man I have attempted to injure, and my own deteſtation. 'Tis too, too much, nor will I bear it. Laſt night, that fiend Sharpley, drew me into play again; Adams did not appear; ſomething was aſked about you, I ſcarce know what, for my ſenſes were ſo deranged by preceding circumſtances, that I was unconſcious of every thing that paſſed, until I was told I had ſeventeen guineas to pay; I laid down the money; money your generoſity had ſupplied me with, and left the houſe (would I had never ſeen it) in a ſtate of diſtraction; I have paſſed a ſleepleſs night, but have taken my reſolution. I recollected I had promiſed to ſee you; 'twas a humiliation I deſerved, to explain to you my whole conduct; to prove how unworthy

I am

I am of your friendſhip and confidence, and then to leave you for ever, yes, for ever."

"Not ſo, my dear Oſborne," replied Biddulph, "do not weakly reſign yourſelf to the government of your paſſions: I ſhall ever reproach myſelf as the primary cauſe of your preſent diſtreſs, ſince only your friendly endeavours to ſerve me, threw you into the acquaintance of Sharpley; its conſequences could not be foreſeen by either of us, and I entirely exculpate you from all the blame, becauſe I too well know the temptation you had to encounter with. Endeavour, my young friend, to exert your reaſon and fortitude; I hope your paſſion is but a temporary one; neither time nor opportunities can have fixed it ſo ſtrongly as you imagine: abſence, reaſon, and a diverſity of objects, may effect a cure."

"And have *you* benefitted by theſe auxiliaries?" aſked Oſborne; "is the effect of Miſs Franklyn's charms, her captivating manner,

ners, ſo tranſient, as to be eaſily ſubdued? I find it otherwiſe; when abſent from her, I can indeed reaſon on the ſubject; I can ſee my folly, my guilt, and my deſpair; but I adore her ſtill, and when in her preſence, could commit a thouſand crimes, if certain they would enſure me the poſſeſſion of her. As I told you before, I have two ſouls, actuated by different principles; my reaſon is unable to ſuſtain the combat; in flight is my only ſurety againſt diſtraction. This very day I ſhall ſet off for Rhode-Iſland, where ſome of our troops are; you ſhall hear from me, and if hereafter I ſhould feel myſelf more worthy of your friendſhip, I will fly to claim and to enjoy it—whatever becomes of *me*, may *you* be happy.

I will write to you, under cover, to Mr. Matthews, and if you can yet honour me with your regard, let your communications, in return, be unreſerved; henceforth I will ſtudy to deſerve your confidence."

Before

Before Biddulph could reply, he wrung his hands with much emotion, and darted out of ſight.

Few things had given Biddulph more pain than what he now felt for this unfortunate young man. That his mind was good, he had given a convincing proof, and he deeply regretted an event, productive of ſo much ſorrow to both; he had loſt a friend, and his proſpects of gaining a miſtreſs, were very remote and uncertain. Over-whelmed with melancholy, he paſſed two days without ſeeing Andrew, during which time Mr. Matthews had called upon him, and announced the departure of poor Oſborne.

Biddulph acquainted him with the deceptions of Adams, and aſked his advice in what manner he ſhould act, reſpecting a man who had ſo cruelly wronged him, and had been guilty of ſo many deceptions towards others.

"It is certainly a delicate point," replied Mr. Matthews, "it does not appear that you can be benefited by expoſing of him; you are not even ſure that he wrote the anonymous letter to Mrs. Bailey; hands may reſemble each other, and if he denies, you cannot prove the fact. Even as to his aſſuming the name of Smith, and marrying a young woman under that name; what advantage will it be to you to expoſe him, when your own ſiſter was his wife, and his mother, you ſay, the mother alſo of your's? whoſe memory you ſtill revere, though long ſince dead."

"Enough, my dear ſir," ſaid Biddulph, "I ſee the inutility of expoſing him, unleſs I had other proofs here, to ſtrengthen my aſſertions; yet ſuch a villain ought not to extend his deceptions with impunity: and as he knows I have detected him, he will of courſe be more ſtrongly my enemy."

'Tis by no means improbable," returned Mr. Matthews, "but that the diſcovery of his

his baſeneſs may ſoon take place, as we have frequently people here from Philadelphia, he certainly ſtands the chance of being detected as Mr. Smith. Mean-time I would have you be on your guard againſt his machinations; and although I deſpiſe Sharpley, on your account I will not diſcourage the many advances he has made for an acquaintance: beſides," added he, ſmiling, "I ſhould like to ſee this miſchief-making beauty, who has turned the heads of two ſenſible fellows."

"Dear ſir," cried Biddulph, "you will lay me under everlaſting obligations, by forming an acquaintance with that family, for I have a thouſand apprehenſions, that they will uſe the power they have acquired over Miſs Franklyn, very unworthily."

Mr. Matthews aſſured him of his inclination to ſerve him on every occaſion; regretted the abſence of Oſborne, though he applauded his reſolution, and they parted with mutual eſteem, and much gratitude on the ſide of Biddulph.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

TWO days more elapſed, no Andrew appeared; nothing particular occurred; Biddulph began to grow very uneaſy and impatient; when one morning, as he was dreſſing, he was alarmed by two or three groans, followed by ſeveral faint ſhrieks; he ſtarted up, and run down ſtairs, in a parlour ſtood Mr. Newton, in the utmoſt agitation, pale as death, and leaning againſt the wainſcot.

" Good

"Good heavens! my dear ſir, what ails you?" demanded Biddulph.

He looked up, and ſtriking his breaſt, "My ſon, my *only* ſon." He could utter no more, tears burſt from his eyes, and he ſunk back into a chair.

Before Biddulph could ſpeak, the maid ſervant appeared; her face alſo covered with tears; he ſtarted up,

"Tell me," ſaid he eagerly, "is ſhe dead?"

"No, ſir," anſwered ſhe, "ſhe is alive, and delivered, but—"

"But what?" demanded he.

"The child is dead!"

He again ſunk down, "Thy will Almighty Father, be done."

He

He covered his head with a handkerchief.

"Leave me, ſir, for the preſent, leave me."

Biddulph, reſpecting his ſorrow, withdrew after the ſervant, only aſking her if he could be of any ſervice to her miſtreſs.

"Ah! no, ſir," anſwered ſhe, "I believe not; word came this morning, that our dear young maſter, the huſband of my young miſtreſs, is killed in a battle with the Engliſh; it threw her into fits, and at laſt when ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe was taken in labour; ſhe is delivered, the infant, a charming ſweet boy, is dead, and ſhe is very bad indeed. O Lord! I wiſh *all* the Engliſh were dead and buried *together!*"

Much afflicted as Biddulph was at this melancholy intelligence, he could ſcarcely reſtrain a ſmile at this charitable and extenſive wiſh; he deſired ſhe would offer his ſervices to them all, if he could any ways be uſeful,

and

and retired to his own room; from whence he was ſummoned in a ſhort time by the girl, to the aſſiſtance of her *old*, and *now*, ſhe ſaid, her *only* miſtreſs, for the unhappy young creature, ſo lately become a widow and a mother, had that moment expired, and the old lady was brought out of the room to all appearance lifeleſs.

Biddulph forgot his own ſorrows, in his concern for the unfortunate family; he haſtened to the room; Mrs. Newton lay ſtill ſenſeleſs, and her husband ſtanding by her with his hands folded, and with looks that beſpoke the moſt heart-felt ſorrow. In a ſhort time, by aſſiſtance, this wretched wife opened her eyes, and ſteadily viewed thoſe around her, fixing them on her husband;

"Our miſeries are now complete; childleſs, forlorn and miſerable! O, my ſon, my daughter! where is now your promiſed happineſs; the infant too, alas! all, all gone!"

"*To heaven*, I truſt," ſaid Mr. Newton, in a faltering voice; "yes, *they are in heaven*, and who ſhall dare to repine! *we* are the ſufferers, *they* are happy; may the Almighty ſtrengthen us to bear *our* loſs, which is *their* gain."

Mrs. Newton being placed in a chair, threw herſelf on her huſband's boſom, and wept aloud, the big drops falling from his face on her's; Biddulph was glad to ſee thoſe friendly tears, which relieved the ſwelling heart, and ſoftened grief; he withdrew, that they might indulge without reſtraint, and a neighbour who had been called in, following him by invitation, he inquired of this woman if ſhe knew the deceaſed?

"Yes," replied ſhe, "I have long known them all, for my mother nurſed young Mr. Newton, and 'tis not more than two years ago, that they lived in great proſperity; not obliged to have lodgers, ſir; but when the quarrel begun between the Engliſh and the Colonies,

Colonies, a very wicked man, who had poſſeſſion of a good part of Mr. Newton's fortune, being his partner, run'd away, and joined the Engliſh, carrying all he could with him, and leaving all the debts upon poor Mr. Newton. His ſon was engaged to marry the daughter of this rogue; ſhe had no mother, and the poor thing refuſed to follow her father, though he entreated and threatened her ſadly, but as I heard her maid ſay, ſhe ſaid to him, "You may kill me, father, but ſhall never make me infamous; I have no hopes now to marry my dear Newton, but I never will quit my country and my friends."

So then he told her, "all his money was gone, and if ſhe did not go that night with him, ſhe would be a beggar."

"That I muſt bear then," ſaid ſhe, "for never will I be ſo wicked to break my vows, and deſert with you to the enemies of my country; I will ſtay here, though I may

ſtarve, and forget that ever I had a father capable of ſuch villany."

" The maid ſaid he gave her a great blow, and left the houſe. The poor thing was very ill next day; nothing left her but a little furniture; the maid went to Mr. Newton's, who had juſt received the account of his misfortune; ſhe told them all that had paſſed between Miſs Fanny and her father. The good folks were charmed with her behaviour, Mrs Newton went and fetched her home to their houſe, comforted her, and in a ſhort time married her to their ſon. With what little matters they had left, they came to live here, which was once a little country houſe, as you may call it, and here they kept a little farm, and endeavoured to be content, though they have had many loſſes by the Engliſh troops. But however, a little time ago, young Mr. Newton was perſuaded by ſome of his companions, who had taken up arms, to do the ſame, and fight for his country, becauſe every body ſaid we ſhould ſoon get the better;

better; his mother and wife, poor thing, did not like he ſhould go, but ſeeing him ſo very deſirous, the old gentleman conſented, and in an ill hour for him, poor ſoul, he went.

" His wife always drooped from the day he went; 'tis above five months ago, and ſo now they have got news that he is dead; the wife and child are dead too, and ſo between a very wicked rogue of a partner, and the wicked Engliſh; though to be ſure, as my huſband ſays, the ſoldiers can't help it; 'tis their great maſters at home that *ſend them here*, are to blame. And ſo, as I was going to ſay, ſir, between them, you ſee, here is a family killed and ruined for ever."

Biddulph was gratified by the loquacity of this good woman, in being let into the little hiſtory of this family, whom he reſpected; and now moſt ſincerely lamented the misfortunes that had befallen them. The intereſting anecdote of Fanny, made him deeply regret her death, and he again deprecated the hor-

rors of war, which in its extenſion, was productive of ſo much miſery to individuals, and very rarely benefited the community at large. War, in all places, and among all nations, muſt produce equal calamities in thoſe countries that were the ſeat of war; yet ſtill in America it was aggravated by the remembrance, that its inhabitants were deſcended from Engliſhmen, were once all brothers, under the ſame government, and partakers of the mutual benefits which flowed from each country. He ſighed at the reflection, and heartily wiſhed thoſe unnatural diſputes might have a ſpeedy termination to their general advantage. But alas! many lives were ſacrificed, many families ruined, before that period arrived, ſo fatal to the glory and intereſts of Great Britain!

Biddulph, in the courſe of the day, made frequent inquiry after Mr. and Mrs. Newton, who, upon the whole, bore their misfortunes like Chriſtians, though deeply afflicted; their ſorrow was heart-felt, not loud or obtruſive;

truſive; they ſuffered much, but they were not troubleſome to others.

Five days had now paſſed, and Biddulph neither ſaw Andrew, heard from Oſborne, or from Mr. Matthews; he grew miſerably impatient; Mr. Newton's houſe was the houſe of mourning, from whence he could derive no conſolation, and his ſole amuſement was ranging in the woods to indulge his melancholy, and reflect on the charms of Miſs Franklyn. One evening it occurred to him, that he might, without being guilty of impropriety, pay a viſit to the ladies in the wood, leaving ſome orders reſpecting Andrew, if he ſhould chance to come during his abſence. He ſet off at an early hour on this viſit; he took the round-about way to lengthen his walk, and was juſt within ſight of the opening that diſcovered the walls of the houſe, when he was met by two men, who croſſed him, one of which inſtantly knocked him down, and before he could recover himſelf, both ſtabbed him with ſhort dirks, and were

about to repeat their blows, when a voice and a whiſtle occaſioned them to run off, ſwearing, "that they had pretty well done for him."

Biddulph, though he could neither ſpeak nor move, was ſtill in his ſenſes, though life ſeemed ebbing faſt, by the quantity of blood which iſſued from his wounds, and which, in a few moments, muſt have proved fatal to him; but the wretches were ſcarce out of ſight, before a man came up to the place where he lay, and ſeeing his ſituation, took his own pocket handkerchief, with Biddulph's neckcloth, and other things, and as well as he could, bound up the wounds; he then darted through the opening, and preſently returned with a chair, accompanied by a maid ſervant and Mrs. Neſbitt. He was placed in the chair, and conveyed to their houſe; incapable of ſpeaking, he looked his thanks, and its language was underſtood by hearts of benevolence. A ſurgeon had been ſent for, but could not preſently arrive, and the ladies debated

debated whether he ſhould be placed in bed or not, but at length concluded it would be beſt to wait for the doctor's deciſion, and in the mean time, get a bed prepared for him. When the ſurgeon arrived, he ordered him inſtantly to the bed, and Biddulph fainted under the fatigue. After a time, which to the ladies appeared an age, the ſurgeon returned and told them, his patient's life depended upon being kept perfectly quiet; that he muſt not, if he could do it, attempt to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould bring on an inward bleeding. He aſked who, and what he was? of this they could give him no information, nor indeed any other, than that on a former interview, he had ſaid that he lodged with a Mr. Newton, on the ſkirt of the wood. This was enough for the doctor; off he ſet for Mr. Newton's, and though they ſaw no viſitors, yet as he ſaid his buſineſs was of infinite conſequence, Mr. Newton, with much reluctance, made his appearance below, and received from the ſurgeon the foregoing account, accompanied by ſeveral queſtions of who, and

what the gentleman was. As Mr. Newton thought his curioſity was rather impertinent, he was by no means inclined to gratify it; he therefore briefly ſaid,

"The gentleman was a man of honour and fortune, and that was ſufficient to enſure the doctor, that neither his ſkill or time would be unprofitably employed."

But he took it into his head there was a ſecret in the buſineſs, from Mr. Newton's reſerve; he therefore tried, by ſeveral roundabouts, to extract this ſecret; but the other had neither time nor inclination to bear with any trifling at that time; he evaded the poor doctor's curioſity, and at length told him,

"He was not in ſpirits to hold converſation, if it was poſſible to remove the gentleman without danger, he begged it might be done, if otherwiſe, he knew the characters of thoſe ladies who had received him into their houſe, and knew their kind benevolence might

might be truſted to; the gentleman was worthy of their attention, and the moment *he could* come out, he ſhould wait on them, but at preſent his wife was ill, and he could not leave her."

"Your wife ill, my dear ſir, who attends her? permit me to ſee her; I don't wiſh to thruſt myſelf in, I don't want to interfere with any other gentleman's patients, but you know a man may happen to ſtrike out new lights; I would not wiſh to intrude, but I am fond of diſcoveries; I like to ſee every body that is ill, my dear ſir, 'tis of infinite ſervice in the courſe of practice."

"It may be ſo," replied Mr. Newton, peeviſhly, "but my wife's diſorder is of the mind, not of the body, ſir, and I take it you are but little calculated to adminiſter eaſe there, and therefore you'll excuſe me."

"Your ſervant, ſir."

The doctor was diſconcerted by the abrupt manner in which he was diſmiſſed, and the little ſatisfaction he obtained by his viſit, yet it was a conſolation to know his patient was a man of fortune, capable of making it, what he called "a good job."

The wounds which Biddulph received, were happily not dangerous, and his hat had given ſome reſiſtance to the blow, when he was knocked down, which had ſaved him from feeling any very bad effects from it; therefore, on the ſecond day, appearances were ſo favourable, that he was permitted to ſpeak, and he availed himſelf of that permiſſion, to thank his preſervers.

On that ſame evening, Andrew arrived, to the inexpreſſible joy of the invalid, who, although he obſerved no traces of pleaſure on Andrew's brow, yet was ready to place his apparent dejection to his ſorrow for his ci-devant maſter. After the faithful fellow had been

been acquainted with the circumſtances of the recent misfortune,

"I'll be ſhot," cried he, "if I don't believe that ſame fellow I call maſter, has had a hand in't, for there has been ſuch confabulating between him, that Adams, and one or two ſad looking dogs, that to my thinking, they are all in a plot; then there's the old woman ſtorming like a mad thing, becauſe Mr. Oſborne has deſerted from her; and Miſs, ſhe looks for all the world like a picture of miſery, ſo doleful and ſad, and ſo —"

"Well, but prithee, Andrew, what did ſhe ſay to my letter?"

"Why nothing, ſir."

"She ſaid nothing.—Good God!" cried Biddulph, faintly, "then ſhe is diſpleaſed with me."

"I can't

"I can't ſay as to that, ſir, but to my mind ſhe did look very queer; tears was in her eyes when ſhe gave me the letter; "the letter!" "yes, ſir, the letter which I have here for you (taking it leiſurely out of his pocket) Biddulph ſnatched it haſtily from him, and breaking the ſeal, read the following lines.

MISS FRANKLYN TO MR. BIDDULPH.

I thank you moſt ſincerely, ſir, for your attention to my intereſt and happineſs; my ſituation is indeed extremely unpleaſant, but I am determined to bear every thing, rather than incur any reproach, or be drawn into any action, derogatory to my character. Mrs. Bailey's abſurd partiality for Mr. Oſborne, has, I ſuppoſe, driven him from hence; and her intentions reſpecting Mr. Sharpley, are openly avowed; but as I am the principal perſon, ſhe will find it difficult to effect her ſchemes without my concurrence, which never will be obtained. The *Mr. Adams*, I have ſeen two or three times, and always with diſ-

guſt;

guſt; without pretending to be a phyſiognomiſt, I can read profligacy and duplicity in every line of his countenance, and ſhall, from your intelligence, and my own obſervations, be enabled to guard againſt any ſiniſter deſigns he may form, if ſuch he has. I was moſt agreeably ſurpriſed this day, with the appearance of a gentleman Mr. Oſborne had ſpoken well of, and who is, I find, of your acquaintance, Mr. Matthews; he ſeized an opportunity to tell me, he "had viſited here *ſolely on my account*; that ſtranger as he was to me perſonally, my character and ſituation was well known to him, and I might rely upon his ſervices at all times; that being an elderly man, and an elderly maiden ſiſter reſiding with him, ſhould any diſagreeable events render it neceſſary for me to quit this houſe, his would ever be open to receive me." I had ſcarce time to thank him, before Mrs. Bailey was at my elbow; but I find to you I am obliged for his kindneſs. I feel much pleaſure in the information, that Andrew was once your ſervant; an unfortunate being like myſelf,

myſelf, an orphan, friendleſs, and under the direction of an intereſted worthleſs woman, gladly looks up to any circumſtance that may enſure her the ſervices of an honeſt man; and ſhould ever any occurrence take place, that may render his aſſiſtance neceſſary, I ſhall, without ſcruple, apply to him; but 'till then, only common civilities can paſs between us, as I cannot ſubmit, *after this letter*, to employ any ſervant on *ſecret ſervices*. With my beſt wiſhes for your happineſs, I remain, ſir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

HARRIOT FRANKLYN.

The contents of this letter gave Biddulph inexpreſſible pleaſure, and being now ſatisfied that Mr. Matthews would be her friend, he was the more reſigned to the prohibition of a correſpondence. Andrew was liberally rewarded for his diligence; at firſt, indeed, he refuſed a pecuniary one.

" Bleſs

" Bleſs your ſoul, your honour, I wants no bribe to ſerve you, or that ſweet young lady; I do but *my duty* you know, and where's the praiſe of that? and beſides, your honour, 'tis the delight of my heart to vex the old girl, who is as jealous as the devil of Miſs, and ſo wants to marry her off; and lord, ſhe threw about her ſheep's eyes yeſterday, on the ſtranger gentleman, that you know recommended me. Poor old ſoul, ſhe wants a huſband moſt cruelly, but they won't bite."

Biddulph was diverted with Andrew's obſervations, but obliged him to accept his preſent, ordering him to call on Mr. Matthews, and inform *him* of his confinement, but to be entirely ſilent on the ſubject to Miſs Franklyn.

After his departure, Mr. Biddulph received a viſit from the ladies, and in the courſe of converſation, learnt that the young lady, Mrs. Neſbit's daughter, was engaged to the ſon of the other lady, who was at that time in Gene-

ral

ral Gates's army, and whoſe name was Arnold, (but not related to the General of that name, whoſe ſubſequent conduct was deſervedly deſpiſed both by friends and foes.) They repeated to him the actions in which they had loſt their deareſt relatives, and exulted in their courage and perſeverance in defence of their country, though fatal to themſelves. Even the young lady had been taught, that it was her lover's duty to ſacrifice himſelf, and that whatever the event might be, ſhe muſt bear it without repining.

Biddulph gave them all due credit for their patriotiſm, but he had no idea that it was poſſible, in thoſe days, for female heroiſm to acquire ſuch ſtrength of mind as could ſubdue the tendereſt feelings of the ſoul, and teach them to bear the loſs of friends, not only without regret, but with pride and exultation; he therefore regarded thoſe ladies as very ſingular characters, and was pleaſed that accident had thrown him in the way of their acquaintance.

They

They had juſt retired, when the ſurgeon entered, and after dreſſing his wounds, and aſſuring him,

" That if he ſtrictly obſerved his rules, and remained perfectly quiet, he hoped, under his ſkill and care, he might in time recover. The luckieſt thing in the world," added he, " that I was ſent for; there is no man in America underſtands wounds like myſelf, ſir; under a leſs ſkilful man, you muſt have died. I have been with Mr. Newton, you will ſee him ſoon; his wife is ill, very ſtrange he would not permit me to ſee her; ſir, I want no man's patients, but I like to ſee every body that is ill; I am torn to pieces, havn't a moment to ſpare from the fatigue of my numerous patients; but 'tis a pleaſure to me to ſee all kinds of diſeaſes, all ſorts of accidents, every degree of miſery; experience, ſir, experience, is the only thing can make a man eminent, and therefore I am delighted with every opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge."

" That

"That every gentleman muſt know ſomething more than theory to render him eminent in his profeſſion, is doubtleſs true, "ſaid Biddulph, "but I have no notion that any man can find *delight* in viewing ſcenes of miſery or dreadful accidents; however neceſſary ſuch knowledge muſt be, I ſhould think a man of humanity muſt have very painful ſenſations on many occaſions, where his aſſiſtance is called for; this I know, that if I ſuppoſed any gentleman was devoid of thoſe feelings which human nature is *born with*, and could get above all tenderneſs of heart, all humane conſiderations, I ſhould *conſider him* as little leſs than a brute, and very improper to attend any man."

"To be ſure, my dear ſir, you are perfectly right, quite judicious, I declare; you have ſentiment, ſir; have you been long in America? do you reſide among us? or have you any ſtation under the Engliſh now in New-York?"

"I am

"I am at preſent, ſir, (replied Biddulph, diſguſted at his impertinence) a citizen of the world, a friend to all countries, no enemy to any religion; I have no particular employment, and every good man, whether Engliſh or an American, I love and honour."

"Charming, charming," cried the doctor; "dear ſir, pardon me, but pray may I aſk your name, if it is not too great a liberty, ſir; but if you wiſh to conceal it —"

"My name is Biddulph; and now, ſir, oblige me by permitting me to reſt."

"By all means, my dear ſir, Mr. Biddulph, I am your obedient ſervant; make yourſelf eaſy, ſir; under my care you will do exceeding well; I ſhall ſee you at night, ſir, pray rely on me."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

FORTUNATELY for Biddulph, his wounds were by no means dangerous, they were both near his ſhoulder on one ſide, but had injured no vital parts, therefore the ſurgeon that attended him, did as well as another; but few men of his profeſſion were more ignorant than this man, who having ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a country apothecary in England, when his time expired, he got a ſituation as an aſſiſtant for a twelve-month, in the

the ſhop of a ſurgeon and apothecary, where he picked up a ſmattering of ſurgery, and then embarked, among many other adventurers, for America. He ſettled in New-York, and by dint of great aſſurance, much puffing, and the ſtricteſt parſimony in living, he contrived to appear of ſome conſequence in his dreſs, and a braggadocio in his tongue, that carried him through all his ſchemes, and without being poſſeſſed of any real ſkill, in difficult caſes, either in ſurgery or medicine, he acquired practice, and accumulated money. Too many are the inſtances, in all countries, and in all profeſſions, where ignorance, and its attendant, impudence, boldly makes its way in the world, and acquires friends and fortune; whilſt the modeſt man of merit, ſhrinking from that confidence, too generally neceſſary to make himſelf of conſequence in the eyes of the careleſs and undiſcerning, though poſſeſſed of ſuperior abilities, pines in obſcurity; his talents, his virtues, his ſkill unnoticed and unrewarded!

Whilſt Biddulph remains confined to his bed, we will look in on Miſs Franklyn, whoſe ſituation began to grow very critical. Mrs. Bailey, who had detected Oſborne in the horrid crime of kiſſing Harriot's hand, was determined to get rid of a chit, who might attract the notice of undiſcerning men, and throw *her* in the back ground. The unceremonious departure of Oſborne, with the inflexible coldneſs Harriot obſerved towards Mr. Sharpley, contributed to urge Mrs. Bailey to put a ſpeedy termination to her deſigned plan. The very day Harriot had written to Mr. Biddulph, ſhe held a conference with her couſin Sharpley, and decided on the buſineſs.

"I am come, Miſs," ſaid ſhe, ſeating herſelf in Miſs Franklyn's apartment, "I have taken upon me to open Mr. Sharpley's intentions in your favour; he will marry you next week; he will ſettle all your own fortune upon you, and great part of his, whether you have children or not, for he hates his relations,

tions, except me, and I want nothing of him; he therefore won't reſerve a farthing for them, but generouſly gives all to you. There's love, there's generoſity! to be ſure 'tis aſtoniſhing how he loves you; ſo now, my dear child, you will be happy, and my cares will be over; you will be your own miſtreſs, and live like a princeſs; what ſay you, my dear? now you know all; Mr. Sharpley will wait on you for your conſent, but he was too modeſt to tell you all the fine things he intended in your favour, himſelf—I am ſo rejoyced at your good luck!"

"Softly, my dear Madam," ſaid Harriot, with an ironical air, "don't let joy ſo entirely over-power you, until you hear how I receive this highly boaſted favour, for I fear, ſo blind and ſenſeleſs am I to the brilliant proſpect before me, that I fear I ſhall abſolutely decline the honour Mr. Sharpley intends me."

" How, Miſs!" cried Mrs. Bailey, with a wrathful countenance.

" Hear me, Madam, I have a right to be heard, and when my ſentiments are known, you may act as you pleaſe. We have already, more than once," added Miſs Franklyn, had a conference upon this ſubject; I told you then, I never would be the wife of Mr. Sharpley. I have obſerved no favourable traits in his character, that ſhould induce me to alter my reſolution; the offers you have now held forth, confirm me in my firſt determinations; he wiſhes to marry a woman he knows is inimical to his deſigns; he offers, as a bribe, to wrong his own family, whom he hates, (an amiable trait in his character, to be ſure) to ſettle his fortune on a ſtranger. who wants it not; and after being informed, even by myſelf, that I never can like him, and never will marry him, he perſiſts in perſecuting me, and has even the aſſurance to fix a time for the ceremony. Now, Madam, as you are the ambaſſadreſs, I beg leave, through

you, to convey my decided reſolution to Mr. Sharpley; tell him, that were there not particular circumſtances that impede me from receiving the addreſſes of any man, he, of all men, would be the one I ſhould reject moſt firmly. I like him not, he is mean, ſervile, yet impudent and intruſive; he has neither good ſenſe nor liberality of mind; he is—"

"Hold, Miſs, hold," cried the enraged Mrs. Bailey, "how dare you ſpeak thus of my relation, and your future huſband? yes, in ſpite of your airs and aſſurance, *he ſhall* be your huſband, or it ſhall be worſe for you—it ſhall, Miſs; don't think to get at your Biddulph's, and your Oſborne's; I'll take care to keep you from them."

Almoſt foaming with rage, ſhe repaired to Mr. Sharpley, and reported the ill-ſucceſs of her embaſſy, in no very gentle terms. Whilſt they were conſulting on future ſchemes, the *Mr. Adams* was announced, and after a little

deſultory converſation, aſked ſome queſtions relative to Oſborne.

Mrs. Bailey, whoſe paſſion was a little repreſſed by the entrance of a third perſon, now launched forth with great vehemence againſt Oſborne, whom ſhe called an Engliſh deceiver, and ſaid he had left them very uncivilly, and ungratefully.

"I had no opinion of him," ſaid Adams, "when I heard him mentioned by a worthleſs fellow, named Biddulph."

"Who, what?" cried Mrs. Bailey; "Biddulph! do you know Biddulph?"

"Yes, to my coſt," replied he, "he married a ſiſter of mine in England, ſpent all her fortune, broke her heart, and after committing a thouſand impoſitions and profligate actions, fled to this country, where he endeavours to extend his villanies."

"My

" My dear Mr. Adams, come with me this minute, come along this inſtant," cried Mrs. Bailey, dragging the aſtoniſhed man by the arm; " you ſhall tell it all to a worthleſs girl, who loves him; I am ſo much rejoiced, come, I ſay."

Adams, conſcious of his many crimes, was terribly alarmed, when firſt ſeized upon by Mrs. Bailey, nor was he perfectly eaſy, when he found it was a woman he was to meet; a woman who loved Biddulph; but truſting to his own effrontery, and not being able to evade Mrs. Bailey's importunities, he accompanied her to Harriot's apartment.

She ſtarted on ſeeing them, for having only twice ſeen Adams, and that very tranſiently, ſhe was ſurpriſed at his appearance with the old lady, whoſe countenance beſpoke the malice that was predominant in her mind.

" Here, Miſs," cried ſhe, " here is a gentleman that can tell you all about that

Biddulph, whom you are ſo fond of; you would not believe in the letter I received, but now, I hope, you will be convinced, by this gentleman, what a vile profligate he is; aye, aye, I could not be deceived, I ſaw rogue written in every line of his face: come, Mr. Adams, tell her all about it."

"Stop, ſir," ſaid Harriot, ſeeing he was about to ſpeak, "ſtop, do not throw away your time, or expend your breath unneceſſarily; if I have an eſteem for Mr. Biddulph, 'tis founded on principle, and on a baſis, no ſlanders of your's can ever ſhake; *I know you, ſir*; what credit I ought to give to your character of Mr. Biddulph, *you* alſo know; 'tis ſufficient for me to aſſure you, that I do not balance in forming my opinion either of him or of you, and therefore, decided as I am, all your endeavours to effect a change in my ſentiments, will be exerted in vain."

"What an audacious obſtinate puſs!" cried Mrs. Bailey, "why he married Mr. Adams's

Adams's ſiſter, ſpent her fortune, broke her heart, and, and —"

"Is this true, ſir?" aſked Harriot, fixing her eyes ſteadily upon him, "can you prove this that Mrs. Bailey aſſerts?"

"I can, Madam," anſwered he, in no very firm tone; "Mr. Biddulph behaved extremely ill to my ſiſter, who was the beſt of women, and has been a very *worthleſs profligate* character."

"And the name," ſaid Harriot, "is *William Biddulph* affixed to *that character*."

Adams ſtarted, and in ſpite of his conſummate aſſurance, betrayed evident confuſion."

"Leave the room, ſir," added ſhe, indignantly, "you have diſcovered yourſelf; the baſeneſs of *your own* character I leave to *your own* retroſpection; the man you have injured, whom you ſtill calumniate, is ſuperior to any

machinations of your's, and if you are wiſe, for your own ſake, you will never mention his name more, unleſs contrition obliges you to confeſs the wrongs you have done him."

" Why, Mr. Adams! good lord, will you be dumb-founded by ſuch a girl as this? you obſtinate wicked thing, to abuſe a gentleman in this manner; ſpeak, Mr. Adams, ſpeak to that bold huſſey."

" 'Tis to no purpoſe, Madam," anſwered he, aſſuming a haughty air; " 'tis impoſſible to overcome ſuch ſtrong prejudices; the young lady won't be convinced, 'till ſhe ſmarts for her credulity; I am ſorry for her, but our ſtaying here will be to no purpoſe."

" In this opinion, I coincide with you, ſir," ſaid Harriot, " it is indeed a waſte of time."

" Was

"Was ever the like heard?" cried Mrs. Bailey, "O, what trouble have I brought upon myſelf, by taking the care of this —"

"The trouble, Madam," ſaid Miſs Franklyn, interrupting her, "was, I am thoroughly perſuaded, of your own ſeeking, and you may put an end to it when you pleaſe."

"Aye, that's what you want, to go to that fellow; but I ſhan't give up your fortune, Miſs, I promiſe you."

"Pray then end this viſit," returned Harriot, and take *Mr. William Biddulph, alias Smith, alias Adams*, along with you."

The moment ſhe mentioned the firſt name, the Mr. Adams affected to flounce out in a violent paſſion, muttering the words, "inſolent and obſtinate."

As to Mrs. Bailey, worked up to a rage, little ſhort of madneſs, ſhe vowed, if ſhe did

not marry Mr. Sharpley next week, ſhe would keep her on bread and water, to humble her proud heart.

"Have a care, Mrs. Bailey," ſaid Harriot, your power has no long extent; you may repent your ill treatment of me; I ſhall find friends to counteract all your ſchemes againſt my happineſs: Mr. Sharpley I will not marry, but I pledge my honour, I will marry no other man, without your conſent, and *that*, Madam, is all you have a right to expect from me."

It was in vain to ſpeak reaſon to a woman, whoſe fury was beyond all bounds; ſhe flew out of the room, curſes on her tongue, and revenge in her heart; for now, jealouſy was added to her former diſlike, and ſhe accuſed Harriot of having ſeduced the affections of Mr. Oſborne from her, and of cauſing his preſent abſence.

When

When Mrs. Bailey deſcended to the parlour, ſhe found the two gentlemen in cloſe converſation, which was broken off at her entrance, by her violent exclamations and abuſe. When ſhe had expended the fury of her paſſion, Mr. Sharpley propoſed a ſcheme to her, which had juſt been ſtarted by Adams, and in which ſhe immediately coincided; but how great was her aſtoniſhment to underſtand, by the neceſſity for this ſcheme, that Biddulph, the hated Biddulph, was now at New-York, after all the pains ſhe had taken to prevent a diſcovery of her route. She no longer wondered at Harriot's courage and perſeverance, though ſhe could by no means account for her having any intelligence of his arrival; but when Oſborne was mentioned as his friend, ſhe ſaw through the whole plot, and in a moment developed his deſigns in coming there, to impoſe upon her. Mr. Matthews, as his acquaintance, came in for a ſhare of her ſuſpicion, and with the eye of an eagle, ſhe remembered his attentions to Miſs Franklyn, and a whiſper ſhe obſerved to An-

drew. The whole was now unravelled to her, and the concluſion was, that Mr. Matthews ſhould no more be admitted, and that Andrew ſhould be immediately diſcharged.

In purſuance of this reſolution, the honeſt fellow was called for, and after ſuffering a torrent of abuſe from Mrs. Bailey, without permitting him to ſpeak, he was ordered to pack up his rags directly, and leave the houſe.

The poor fellow, aſtoniſhed at the ſtorm which fell upon him, and loth to leave a ſituation, in which his ſervices were ſo neceſſary, being but that moment returned from his maſter, endeavoured to deprecate her wrath, by the moſt humble ſubmiſſions, and affected ignorance of the c arges ſhe adduced againſt him: but in vain was the eloquence poor Andrew exerted; conviction had flaſhed upon her mind, of his being a tool of Biddulph's, to deceive her; and after entertaining the idea, no entreaties or aſſeverations could prevail upon her to alter her determination; his

his final ſentence was pronounced, and to prevent any further intercourſe between him and Harriot, ſhe followed him to his room, waited 'till he had bundled up his clothes, and then bid him "troop."

Whilſt Andrew was packing up his things, an idea ſtarted into his mind, "to be one too cunning for the old cat," therefore, as he deſcended the ſtairs, near Harriot's apartment he threw down his bundle ſuddenly;

"Madam Bailey," cried he, in a loud voice, "*I won't* go away ſo diſgracefully; I have done no harm, they that ſay ſo, let them prove it; I'll not be drummed out of the houſe by your voice, and all for nothing; ſend for my maſter Matthews, and prove to him that I have been a rogue, as you call me; let me have a fair court-martial, I ſay."

"Be gone," cried the enraged vixen; "this inſtant be gone, or you ſhall be turned

ed out neck and heels; I'll kick you over the ſtairs villain."

"For heaven's ſake what is the matter?" aſked the affrighted Harriot, opening her door.

"What's that to you?" anſwered Mrs. Bailey, "you have no buſineſs with the ſervants; go into your room,"—trying to puſh her in.

"As I hope for mercy, Miſs Harriot," ſaid Andrew, "I have done no harm, though this old vix—though Madam Bailey is ſo angry; do, Miſs, beg her not to be ſo cruel to turn away a poor ſervant, and take away his character for nothing."

"You rogue, you villain," ſaid the enraged damſel, "this inſtant leave the houſe, or I'll fetch thoſe that ſhall make you go."

"Do,

" Do, if you will, then, I don't care; I'll not deſert my poſt, without knowing the reaſon why."

Paſſion, for the moment, got the better of prudence, and rendered her caution fruitleſs; ſhe flew down a few ſtairs, calling loudly on Mr. Sharpley.

Andrew ſeized the ſame inſtant to ſay,

" I will be under your window in the garden at twelve."

Harriot nodded her head, and he cried out,

" Well, if I muſt go, I muſt, but mind, if you have given falſe evidence, and had me condemned for nothing, you will pay for it in the other world."

Catching up his bundle, he followed her ſo quickly, that ſhe had no ſuſpicion.

" Aye,

" Aye, fellow, I thought I'd bring your impudent ſpirit down; ſo away with you."

And away he did go, vowing vengeance on the old girl, and wondering how he had been diſcovered.

Harriot, notwithſtanding Mrs. Bailey's order to go to her room, was too much aſtoniſhed at the preceding ſcene, not to be curious in developing the cauſe of it, ſhe therefore entered the parlour after Mrs. Bailey; but ſeeing Adams and Sharpley there, ſhe ſtopt, and was retiring, when the latter ſprung from his chair, and ſeizing her hand, almoſt dragged her into the room.

" I beſeech you, Miſs Franklyn, to favour us with your company for a few minutes."

" Yes, Miſs," cried Mrs. Bailey, " ſince you have come down, I inſiſt upon your ſtaying."

" Very

"Very well, Madam," returned Harriot, "you carry your authority with a high hand, but in points like this, I ſhall not diſpute it; I attend your pleaſure."

Adams, who was diſconcerted by her appearance, yet afraid to go "and leave his character behind him," ſaw he had no alternative, but an exertion of haughty inſolence, if he was called upon to ſpeak.

"I am grieved to my ſoul," ſaid Sharpley, after two or three hems, "to find that my good couſin Bailey's wiſhes to ſerve me, ſhould have occaſioned your diſpleaſure. That I adore you, I will frankly avow; your fortune, my fortune, ſhall be at your own diſpoſal; do not, my dear Miſs Franklyn, be too peremptory; take time, if it muſt be ſo, however eagerly I wiſh to call you mine, I will wait your pleaſure."

"It pains me, ſir," anſwered Harriot, "to be under the neceſſity of repeating, what

what I have more than once told Mrs. Bailey, that I cannot accept the favours you offer me; I am a decided character, ſir, though a young woman; misfortunes and adverſity, (comparative adverſity) has taught me wiſdom, and given me a habit of thinking and of determining for myſelf; I therefore frankly tell you, I never will be your wife, though doubtleſs obliged to you, and every gentleman, that may think favourably of me."

This collected and determined anſwer, ſtruck Sharpley ſpeechleſs: not ſo Mrs. Bailey; like a tygreſs, robbed of her prey, ſhe poured forth a torrent of abuſe, foamed with paſſion, and more than once clenched her fiſt.

"I know," added ſhe, "the cauſe of your obſtinacy; your fellow, that profligate, Biddulph, is come after you, and you have been carrying on plots and contrivances with that falſe fellow Oſborne, too: yes, yes, I know all, but I ſhall be too cunning for ſuch deceivers.

deceivers. This here gentleman, whom you abuſed, he knows —"

Harriot roſe up, and interrupting her, " And *I know alſo*, Madam, that the man you allude to, is an impoſtor, a man without principle or honeſty, who has baſely injured Mr. Biddulph, and whoſe conſcience, at this moment, upbraids him; I ſee his pale looks and quivering lips: the inward monitor cannot be repreſſed: more words are unneceſſary; in every thing that is independant of my own happineſs, I will obey you, Madam, as the delegate of a revered and beloved mother; but I never will give my hand, or pledge my faith, to a man I cannot love."

She ſlightly bowed to Mr. Sharpley, and retired, leaving the trio equally enraged and aſtoniſhed, but more determined than ever to carry their point.

Andrew, diſmiſſed from the houſe, without knowing in what manner he had been diſ-

covered,

covered, or what charges were adduced againſt him, was unwilling to vex his maſter by the relation, until he had ſeen Miſs Franklyn; he knew he could eaſily ſcale the garden wall, and as there were ladders kept in the out-houſe, at one end of it, he concluded, by raiſing it againſt Miſs Franklyn's window, he could ſpeak to her, and know what he ought to do. Andrew could climb like a cat, he therefore ſcrambled up a cheſnut tree, eaſily got over into the garden, and planted his ladder by the appointed time. Harriot was at the window;

"Well, Andrew," ſaid ſhe, ſoftly, "what was the meaning that you was ſo ſuddenly turned off?"

"I know not, indeed, Miſs," anſwered he, "ſome devil or conjuror that the old woman keeps in pay, has betrayed me, I believe, for not a word or look of mine could tell her."

"You

"You ſee the conſequences of all deceptions," ſaid ſhe, "I am ſorry on your account, becauſe you have loſt a place."

"O, hang the place," cried he, off his guard, "maſter only placed me here to ſerve you."

"How!" ſaid Harriot, "you was then placed here *by Mr. Biddulph?*"

"Dear heart!" exclaimed he, vexed at his lapſe, "what ſignifies which way I come, if it was to do you ſervice; but for the love of God, Miſs, ſend ſome word of comfort to the poor wounded gentleman, or my ill-luck may be the death of him."

"Wounded! Mr. Biddulph wounded," cried Harriot.

"Bliſters on my tongue," ſaid Andrew, "that old cat has made me mad, and forget every thing; to be ſure he is wounded, Miſs, and

and not honourably in battle neither, for then you know 'twould be nothing; but the villains were in ambuſh for him."

"O, heavens!" ſaid ſhe, "tell me, is he in danger? where is he, and who attends him?"

"Why no, they ſay he is not in danger, thank God; he is in the wood, and has got to a pretty ſnug houſe, with two motherly ladies, and a handſome young one to attend him."

"Indeed!" cried Harriot, "and what are the ladies called?"

"I'll be ſhot if I remember," anſwered he, "but do pray, dear Miſs, tell me what I muſt ſay to the poor gentleman?"

"Tell him," ſaid ſhe, "that I am extremely ſorry to hear he is ill, and hope he will ſoon get better."

"To

"To live for your ſake;" do pray *ſay that*, now, 'twill comfort his heart, and a better, nor a more humaner, nor generouſer man, never lived."

"Well, ſay ſo, if you pleaſe, Andrew; I like your affection to your maſter; there is ſomething to drink his health," reaching out a guinea to him.

"No, Miſs, I thank you," anſwered he, refuſing the gift, "I can drink maſter's health, thank God, without a bribe: and your kind love to him, will ſoon give him health, I'll warrant."

"Well, Andrew," ſaid ſhe, "pray be gone."

"Yes, yes, Miſs, I'm a going; but for all that, I ſhall be here again to-morrow night."

"No,

"No, indeed, you muſt not," cried Harriot.

But he either did not, or would not hear her, but run down the ladder, and was off with it preſently.

When Miſs Franklyn was alone, her meditations were by no means pleaſant; Biddulph wounded and unhappy, ſhocked her extremely, and the emotions ſhe felt on conſidering his ſituation, was by no means leſs painful, becauſe he had a *handſome young lady* to attend him. She was now convinced he was very dear to her; all the prudence and caution ſhe had aſſumed to him, and even deceived herſelf by, no longer kept its ſtand, when ſhe reflected on the ſtate he was in.

"I thought I eſteemed, and even preferred him to others," ſaid ſhe, "but I knew not, 'till now, how much my heart was attached to him; yet ſurely there can be no crime in the indulgence of a paſſion, founded on.

on gratitude and eſteem. His, appears no common attachment; his ſervant's predilection for him, proves he has been a good maſter, and a good maſter cannot be a bad man: why, then, ſhould I ſhrink from the examination of my own heart? alas! who is there but him, that concerns themſelves for an oppreſſed orphan; and how ſoon, perhaps, may I want his aſſiſtance, from the cabal that ſeems to make me wretched!"

When ſhe conſidered on his being wounded by an unknown hand, ſhe trembled for his life, and naturally concluded, that the pretended Mr. Adams, was ſome how concerned in the baſe deed, and if ſo, he would ſtop at nothing ſhort of murder. She ſhuddered at the idea, and determined to repreſs any further appearance of diſlike to him, if he came to the houſe, but to endeavour at obtaining from Mrs. Bailey, all the intelligence ſhe could, reſpecting him, and the mother Mr. Biddulph had mentioned in his memoir. Theſe intentions, and various other plans,

precluded reſt during the firſt part of the night, and towards morning ſhe dropped into a ſlumber, from which ſhe was awakened by a knocking at the door, with Mrs. Bailey's voice, bidding her to riſe, for that "they were all going a pleaſuring."

Little inclined to pleaſurable parties, Harriot would moſt gladly have been excuſed; but as ſhe had determined to comply with all Mrs. Bailey's orders that ſhe could comply with, ſhe told her "ſhe would haſten to attend her."

When ſhe was dreſſed, and deſcended to the parlour, ſhe ſaw a carriage at the door; Mr. Sharpley and his couſin at breakfaſt. The latter looked at Harriot, and obſerving that her countenance was ſerene, and her air unreſtrained, ſhe brightened up a little, and taught her looks a placidity, not very natural to them.

"My

" My dear, we are going a little excurſion into the country to dine; it will be a pleaſant jaunt."

" I ſhould rather think not," anſwered Harriot, " becauſe it rains; however, if that's no objection with you, it ſhall be none with me; but pray, Madam, where are we going?"

" O, not far," replied Sharpley, " only to a little box I have, about ſix miles off; I wiſh to give you a little variety; and if I am ſo unhappy as not to be a beloved object, I will ſeek to merit your eſteem."

" Both *eſteem* and *gratitude*, ſir," ſhe anſwered, " will ever be enſured from me by civility and kindneſs; more is not in my power to beſtow."

He affected to ſigh—whilſt Mrs. Bailey obſerved,

"Poor ſoul, I am ſure he deſerves every thing, but there he won't let me ſpeak no more about it."

This was an agreeable ſurpriſe to Harriot, who concluded from it, that Sharpley had, from her late declarations, been convinced of the inutility of his perſeverance, and therefore intended to give up any further applications. Evermore ready to believe what we wiſh, ſhe was pleaſed with the concluſion ſhe had drawn, and without the leaſt reluctance, ſeated herſelf in the carriage.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.